

Arlington Advocate.

CHARLES S. PARKER, EDITOR.

Devoted to the Local Interests of the Town.

SUBSCRIPTION, \$2.00 A YEAR.

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ARLINGTON, MASS., FRIDAY, JANUARY 28, 1887.

No. 5.

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Reporter's Weekly Gatherings

IN ARLINGTON.

—Only about a month before the annual town election.

—Have you been down on the toboggan slide? It is the thing to do.

—Dea. Jones is busy printing the town reports.

—The oft repeated question now is, Are you going to the Alumni party?

—The special services at St. Malachy's church have been largely attended the past week.

—Comic operetta, "Penelope," Music and reading, this evening, at Y. P. S. C. entertainment.

—The stone which is to contain the copper box in the soldiers' monument was laid in its place on Tuesday.

—If you have too much silver, Whittemore will exchange No. 7 cigars for it. Buy the box at wholesale rates. They will please you.

—Toboggan enthusiasts have been deprived of their sport by the recent storm, but the cold snap has once again put their slide in fine condition.

—The Six Odd Associates are laying their wires for the annual masquerade which has been a feature for several years.

—Mrs. Dupree, of Jason street, fell, on Tuesday afternoon, on the ice, and sustained a painful sprain to her wrist.

—We have occasion to visit several towns in the vicinity of Arlington, but in none do we see such care for the streets and sidewalks as is given the thoroughfares of our town.

—The petition in favor of the re-appointment of post master F. E. Fowle was forwarded to Washington on Wednesday. It contained between four and five hundred names.

—The Arlington T. A. S. Base Ball Club will give their second annual dancing party in Town Hall, on the evening of Monday, Feb. 21. They are planning for a large and successful party.

—Judge Tuttle has been confined to his home by illness during a portion of last and also this week. He is able to attend to business again, we are pleased to say.

—We have discovered a man who never smoked a No. 7 cigar. His wife said: "I can't understand why Charlie likes boiled cabbage so well." "Why," said her friend, "don't he smoke a great deal?" Whittemore is agent for the No. 7.

—It is understood that trouble is brewing for the Cambridge horse railroad, and that the men are arranging for a general "tie-up" provided the demands to be made by their committee are not complied with.

—The annual meeting of Arlington Orthodox Congregational church was held in the church vestry, Monday evening. Owing to the severe storm the attendance was small and the meeting was adjourned for one week.

—The gutters and water ways in town were in good condition to receive Monday's flood, caused by the rain and melting snow, and little damage was caused, though in several instances cellars were flooded and people put to the inconveniences consequent thereto.

—Next winter it is proposed to build a toboggan slide in some public place in the town and form a large club, for membership to which there is no doubt there will be plenty of applicants, judging from the number of those who desire to join the present club, which is necessarily made up of a small number.

—The warmer weather of the first of the week enabled workmen on the soldiers' monument to resume operations, and considerable progress has been made by them. As the base grows the wisdom of the designer's location of the monument becomes apparent. Every man to his business.

—The "January thaw" which set in with so much vigor, last Friday, stopped ice cutting operations on Spy Pond, short metre, leaving the hundreds of men with nothing to do and the company with only a portion of its crop gathered, although a large sum had been expended in scraping, planing and grooving the surface of the pond.

—Mr. R. Walter Hilliard has built up a valuable line of insurance in our midst. Representing some of the best companies in existence and always courteous and attentive to business, such a result was a natural consequence. Until the recently burned offices on Kilby street are repaired, he can be found on the corner of State and Kilby streets. He has desk room at the ADVOCATE office.

—Hear Miss McQuesten at the Universalist Vestry this evening.

—Services as usual at Arlington Heights on Sunday, with the addition of communion and baptism.

—"Seed Sowing" will be the subject of Dr. Mason's morning sermon at the Congregational church. Gospel service in the evening.

—We hope Mr. Fowle will be retained in the office of postmaster, but we have small faith even in the effect of the numerous signed petitions for his retention.

—Major Bacon, the new commander of Post 36, entertained the new board of officers at his residence on Avon place, last Friday evening, when the future of the organization was discussed as well as a pleasant social time enjoyed. He furnished a quite elaborate spread for his guests.

—The young people of the Congregational church have in preparation a strong musical production, "Belshazzar's Feast," which will be brought out at a public entertainment at an early date. Mr. B. A. Ware is directing the chorus at the rehearsals and it will be produced under his management for the benefit of the benevolent work of the young ladies of the church.

—At the close of the morning service at the chapel at Arlington Heights, last Sunday, Prof. Dorchester announced that the sermon he should preach one week from Sunday would be his farewell discourse. The faculty of Boston University has granted him a year's vacation, and he will spend the time in Europe, in study. The place thus made vacant will be hard to fill, but we believe the right man will be found to carry forward the work so well established under Prof. Dorchester.

—The annual party of Cotting H. S. A. A. will be given in Town Hall on the evening of Feb. 15. The ticket arrangement this year seems to us to be excellent, only those who care for the dancing being obliged to pay for this part of the evening's pleasure. The association could be vastly strengthened by every ex-member of the school joining, and we fall to see any good reason why this should not be the case. An association of this kind can easily be made much more than a nucleus for a gathering once or twice a year, and it ought to be.

—"The Story of a Useful Life" is the title of a biographical sketch of the late Rev. Edwin J. Gerry, minister of the Benevolent Fraternity of Churches and pastor of the Hanover street chapel in Boston for twenty-five years, during a portion of which time he made his home in Arlington, where there are many who remember him kindly and will be glad to secure a copy of this work. The part pertaining to his church and home life was compiled and edited by his eldest daughter, and that which tells of his work in the temperance cause by B. R. Jewell, Esq. The work is to be published by subscription (price \$1.50) and subscriptions should be forwarded to Mrs. S. F. Wilder, 30 Shepard street, Cambridge.

—Last Saturday a concerted movement was started among Democrats in town, Messrs. Pattee, Tufts, Storer and others, looking to the retention of Mr. Fred E. Fowle in his office as postmaster, and the several petitions started were filled up as rapidly as they could be presented. We question if any town ever had a more thoroughly impartial and uniformly gentlemanly public servant, who devoted himself so exclusively to the duties of his office and was so entirely free from any taint of offensive partisanship. There is every reason in the world why he should be retained—fitness, experience, popularity, especially—and not a valid one that can be even hinted at why a new man should be appointed to the place he fills with credit to himself and honor to the government whose interests he serves.

—The Sunday school room of the Baptist church was filled with a large audience on Sunday evening last which had gathered to listen to an interesting programme presented by the school. The subject of the exercise was the "Heavenly and Earthly Home," and was interpreted in a pleasing manner by members of the school. Recitations were given by Miss Schwamb and Mr. George Whittemore and a class of boys. The infant department had a part in the exercise and a reading was given by Charles W. Prentiss. These parts were interspersed with singing by the quartette, and the whole school joined in responsive reading from the new service books. The speaker on this occasion was Mr. Marston, of Somerville, whose remarks were appropriate to the subject of the evening, and were presented in an entertaining manner.

—Wednesday evening was one of the most thoroughly disagreeable of the season and followed an equally unpleasant day, but this did not materially interfere with the brilliant wedding ceremony set for that evening at the handsome residence of Mr. David P. Green, on Pleasant street, which united his daughter Kate and Mr. Adelbert E. Claflin in matrimonial bonds. Miss Green is the youngest daughter of her parents; Mr. Claflin is a resident of Hopkinton, and a nephew of ex-Gov. Claflin. Rev. J. P. Forbes, pastor of First Parish church, performed the ceremony in the presence of a large number of guests, two hundred and fifty invitations being issued and these were generally accepted. Many rich and attractive toilets were worn by the ladies. The marriage ceremony was performed beneath a bower of roses, the bride being attired in ivory white satin, with pearl trimming and passementerie and point lace with V shaped bodice and elbow sleeves and dress train. The front of the skirt was draped with paniers of rare point lace, while point lace and fine pearl passementerie trimmed the basque and edged the sleeves. The long bridal veil was of exquisite point lace, the gift of the bride's aunt, Mrs. Morey, of New York. A necklace of pearls was the only ornament worn and a bouquet of Cornelia Cook roses and maiden hair ferns was carried. Two little maids of honor, Misses Cora Moss and Alma Avis, each with bunches of roses, were in attendance, and the ushers were Messrs. S. H. Smith, Henry Bates, H. D. Dodge and James Stewart. After the ceremony the bride and groom, with the bride's father and mother, the groom's mother, brother and wife, of Chicago, were the receiving party, holding a short reception. Mrs. Green wore a pearl gray silk with plastron and petticoat of black and gray broché velvet. Mrs. M. A. Claflin, black silk trimmed with black crape and jet passementerie; Mrs. Clarence A. Claflin, a Worth designed dress of Nile green satin with velvet front embroidered with pearl beads and pendants, a bodice of plush and drapery of striped broché velvet. Mrs. Morey wore a costume composed of black velvet with skirt of lavender silk, the front of which was draped with black lace. She wore magnificent diamonds and opals and rare point lace for cuffs and plastron. Mrs. Moss, of Kansas City, was attired in black lace over lavender satin. Mrs. Arthur Richardson wore a toilette of blue moire. Miss Grace Green, of St. Louis, wore a costume of garnet velvet and pink moire silk, the bodice cut decolleté. Carter's orchestra, of Boston, furnished music during the ceremony and through the evening and an elegant refreshment was also served. The presents were very numerous and elegant. The bride received from the groom diamond earrings and three companion rings, of rubies, sapphires and diamonds; from her mother, a silver service; from her father, a check of \$500; from Mrs. Mary A. Claflin, mother of the bridegroom, a complete silver set; an ice cream set from C. A. Claflin, brother of the groom. Ex-Governor Claflin and wife gave a silver salad dish. The bride's sisters' gifts were respectively, silver cream set and china coffee set; Mrs. Morey, silver celery dish, silver knives, crumb knife and the bridal lace; a bronze clock from friends in Hopkinton. There were many other valuable gifts but we confine the list to the immediate relatives. The bridal party, after an extended tour through the west and south, will reside at Kansas City, Mo., where Mr. Claflin has arranged to engage in business. Mr. Green's eldest daughter has resided in the same city for several years and both bride and groom have acquaintances there, so their new home will not be among total strangers.

—Last Saturday Mr. John D. Freeman attained his eighty-seventh year and on Monday evening his children and grand children celebrated the event with a party at his residence on Arlington avenue. Though one of the oldest residents of the town, Mr. Freeman is by no means the least active and no one of the party on Monday evening entered more heartily into the enjoyments of the occasion. Not only clear in mind regarding his earlier years, as is the case with old people, Mr. Freeman retains a remembrance of, and interest in, the events of the past twenty years, and will bear his full share in any conversation about or discussion of these more recent events. We hope his vigorous old age will insure him many more pleasant meetings like that of last Monday evening.

—The copper box to be placed in the Soldiers' Monument is to be sealed on Monday next, 31 inst., at the establishment of S. D. Hicks & Son, 117 Portland street, Boston. Any articles yet to be placed in the box must be sent to some member of the committee, to B. Belmont, Locke, town clerk, or to the ADVOCATE office previous to that date. The box will be enclosed in the monument the

first day of February, the weather permitting work, or the first day any work is done upon the monument. A copy of Town Reports is wanted for the years from 1861 to 1867.

—This morning the whistle sounded to resume work on Spy Pond. It was a welcome sound.

—The Bay State Band, of West Medford, will give a concert at Town Hall, Arlington, Feb. 22d. Programme, with full particulars, in next week's issue.

—The subject of Rev. F. A. Gray's discourse at the Universalist church Sunday morning will be "A reasonable interpretation of the flood and practical lessons therefrom."

—The Universalist church will be open on Sunday evenings from the first Sunday in February to Easter. A course of lectures on the poets and practical questions of the day, will be given. The opening lecture will be upon "Longfellow."

—A debating club, to be known as the "Highland Associates," has recently been formed in the locality formerly designated as High street. It is an excellent plan and we wish the young men the largest amount of pleasure and success.

—The regular monthly experience meeting of the Arlington Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor will be held in the vestry of the Orthodox church, Sunday evening, at six o'clock. All are invited.

—Thursday afternoon a package containing a fine specimen of the pickerel species was left at our office with the following note:—

BELMONT, Jan. 27.

Compliments of the Frost brothers, who have just returned from a very enjoyable and successful trip to their old Marshpee fishing grounds.

W. S. & V. FROST.

The brothers will accept thanks of self and family and congratulations upon their pleasant and enjoyable trip.

—From the Kinsley's Mercury we clip the following relating to Alfred Hobbs, formerly of Arlington, lately deceased at that place:—

"He always took the lead in all manly sports, and in his early life manifested a great love for mechanics. He was very ingenious in the invention and execution of plans to accomplish a given work. For a number of years he was interested in a large business with his father. He was also well posted on chemistry, and became an expert in the art of photography. He removed to this county about eight years ago, and afterwards became a stockholder in the Edwards County Bank; subsequently he became president of that institution, in which official capacity he was acting at the time of his death. Many are the regrets expressed in this community on account of the death of Alfred Hobbs. He was a good citizen, useful in the community and universally respected."

Belmont Happenings.

At a meeting of the trustees of the Belmont Savings Bank, held last Monday, the cashier was instructed to notify in writing all banks of the loss of bonds and stocks to properly place on record on the books.

Although in pursuance of a notice issued that the bank would declare a dividend, no one called to receive it, which shows, perhaps, that confidence is still placed in the institution.

Tuesday morning's trackmen at work on the Fitchburg railroad found four chisels which were probably used in the burglary of a week ago. Later they were identified as belonging to Wright's shop, in Waltham, from which the other tools were taken.

A Wonderful Cactus Plant.

"You see that cylindrical looking cactus plant in the window?" asked a restaurateur of a reporter. "Well, there has been more lying about the origin and nativity of that old bunch of thorns than there ever was about the battle of Shiloh. I have said that it came from every portion of the globe, and once when I wasn't thinking I told a fellow it was found growing on the hulk of an ocean vessel. I hadn't had it here a week before a fellow told me that he used to live where the ground was covered with them. This was near Jerusalem, he said. When caravans made pilgrimages from one city to another and ran short of water on the way, the travelers would cut the plant open and drink the refreshing liquid which they contained. Another fellow said that the thorns on the plant were buds which would bloom into beautiful red flowers. Now, that old shrub, or whatever family it belongs to, is nothing but an old cactus from Indian territory. It hasn't got an water in its innards, and it wouldn't blossom in a thousand years."—Chicago Herald.

Photography in Natural Colors.

The foreign journals announce the discovery by a Chinese gentleman of photography in natural colors—the realization of the dreams of all our photographers from Daguerre's day down to our own. The process, it is to be hoped, is simpler than the name of the inventor, Anzhiwa Ryochi Nichome Sanjukabos Klobasaku. The photograph taken was the island of Enoshima.—Chicago Tribune.

A noted mind reader is said to have left Washington without paying a \$30 bill for advertising. Any one can probably read the creditor's mind as regards his opinion of that particular mind reader.

According to President Hitchcock, of Union Theological Seminary, there are now 142 theological seminaries in this country. In the eighteenth century there were but three. Within fifty years 111 have been founded, an annual average of over two.

A man in Kansas City has what is thought to be the largest lemon in the world. It is about the shape of a huge Irish potato, and weighs six pounds, twelve and one-quarter ounces. The Chicago Times wickedly suggests, if the lemon keeps until next summer, the proprietor might lend it out to picnics and church festivals.

In the United States there are 2,269 breweries, which produce annually 460,832,400 gallons, or over seven gallons per head. Germany has 23,940 breweries, which produce annually 900,000,000 gallons, or over twenty gallons per head. Great Britain has 26,214 breweries, which produce annually 1,050,000,000 gallons, or over thirty per head.

They have a very effective way of recruiting the army in Mexico. A colonel, being short of men, sent fifty troopers into a Sonora town, and they ran down thirty or forty citizens, locked them up on a bogus charge of drunkenness, and had them "sentenced" to serve in the army for one year. All this took less than half a day, but there was more or less fun while it lasted.

Americans invented the sleeping-car, but a German has invented a sleeping harness, if we may so call it, that makes the car less needful. Broad straps support the arms; they pass through a noose over the head so that either arm can be lowered, which gives one a chance to change one's position. The head is supported by a pad which is attached to the upper part of the arm-straps. The back, of course, rests against the back of the seat.

The barrel cranks have not abandoned Niagara Falls. A Buffalo newspaper says that a Troy man purposes to go over the great cataract on April 15, in a barrel similar in shape to the one Graham had when he went through the rapids. There is to be a manhole and two airholes, and all around the outside will be a covering of rubber six inches thick, so that if the barrel strikes the rocks while going over the falls it will bound off.

The Chinese public school in San Francisco has now thirty-eight pupils, although it started a year and a half ago with only six. It is under the charge of Miss Thayer, who finds the young Celestial very bright in learning English and the common branches. Her hardest task is to enforce silence; the little fellows like to chatter in Chinese about their lessons. Three of the pupils are girls, all wear the Chinese costume, and all take a two weeks' holiday at the Chinese New Year.

There is a sexton in West Springfield, Mass., who deserves a notice because he knows the value of ventilation and how to secure it. The other evening, when the prayer meeting room was well filled and the air became bad, he waited for a pause in the services, and then said if the congregation would all arise for a few moments he would ventilate the room. They arose, and he opened windows and doors, let bad air out and good air in, and then the congregation sat down, feeling better, and the services went on briskly.

The New Orleans Times-Democrat says that the largest cash transaction ever made in the South was consummated at Anniston, Alabama, recently, being no less than the purchase by a syndicate of the property of the Woodstock Iron and Steel Company, for the sum of \$6,000,000. This property includes the celebrated Woodstock iron furnace, with its thousands of acres of mineral and timbered lands, the renowned Anniston inn, the perfect system of water-works and electric lights and all other property, owned by these companies. The Woodstock Iron and Steel Company will at once erect two large coke furnaces, costing about \$500,000.

A well at Yakutsk, in Siberia, has been a standing puzzle to scientists for many years. It was begun in 1838, but given up at thirty feet because it was still in frozen earth. Then the Russian Academy of Sciences continued for some months the work of deepening the well, but stopped when it had reached to the extent of some 382 feet, when the ground was still frozen as hard as a rock. In 1844 the Academy had the temperature of the excavation carefully taken at various depths, and from the data thus obtained the ground was estimated to be frozen to a depth of 612 feet. As external cold could not freeze the earth to such a depth, even in Siberia, geologists have concluded that the well has penetrated a frozen formation of the glacial period which has never thawed out.

Minnesota is growing at a wonderful rate. The census of 1885 gave her a population of 1,117,798, which was a gain of forty-three per cent. during the five years succeeding 1880, and the assessment of real and personal estate increased from \$271,158,961 in 1881 to \$458,424,777—a gain of sixty-nine per cent. in five years. If this ratio continues during the remainder of the decade, 1890 will show nearly twice as many people and much more than twice as much wealth as 1880. Minnesota is commonly regarded solely as an agricultural State, but she is already beginning to suffer from the evils of great cities. St. Paul and Minneapolis between them contain more than one-fifth of all the people, and wield far more than their proportional share of influence in public affairs.

The New Zealand Herald states that the layer of ashes which covers so many miles of that country will not, as was at first feared, choke and kill every blade of grass, but will probably act in time as a valuable fertilizing agent. Already the grass is in many places growing up through the dust; but the ash has been submitted to experiment, and is found to be really nourishing to plants grown in it. A resident chemist obtained several samples of the volcanic dust, and sowed in it grass and clover seeds, and kept them moistened with distilled water. In each case, we are told, the seedling plants have come up well and are growing vigorously; it is therefore hoped that those districts which have received only a light covering of this dreaded dust will find that the visitation will in the end prove beneficial to their crops.

Some quite suggestive statistics regarding the death rate in various classes of society, including the extremes, have been published by Miss Vickery, an English female physician of note. From these tables it appears that it is the unhealthiness of the "slums" which runs up the bills of mortality. Notwithstanding the great improvement in sanitary matters, the death rate in England and in Wales seems to have remained practically the same for the last forty years. The extraordinary difference between the mortality of the rich and the poor is shown in the statement that in the second quarter of the year cited the death rate in London for Hampstead was twelve and one-half per thousand, but twenty-five in Bethnal-Green. The mean age at death among the richer classes in England is fifty-five years, among the general population forty-one, and the artisan class only twenty-nine and one-half, the rich thus getting twenty-five years more of life than the poor.

From a foreign paper we learn that a shocking tragedy happened at Pesth, Hungary, a short time ago. Five officers and some young actresses from the Orpheum entered a coffee-house late at night. There being no room for all at one table, a hustle took place, and an officer, in fun, ordered Rosa Taciano, a little songstress of nine, to give up her place to him. When she refused he drew out a pistol, and pointing it at her said: "Go away, or I will shoot you." The little girl said: "I shan't," and the officer pressed the trigger, when to his horror, and to that of every one around, the little girl fell lifeless. He had hit her through the heart. He stared at the frail corpse some moments, and then, quick as lightning, directed the revolver against himself and shot himself through the head. In less than two minutes both were dead. The corpses were laid on the billiard table, and the little girl's father filled the place with his cries, while the officers, in deep consternation, had their brother officer taken to the garish hospital. The dead man's name is Schneeweiss. He was twenty-eight years old, and most popular with his equals and superiors.

The American Cultivator has some thoughtful words about the prospective war in Europe. It says: "Europe is preparing for war, which now seems almost inevitable in the spring. All the great powers are arming, and this means the withdrawal of men and capital from active industry, the purchase of provisions, clothing and supplies of all kinds. Even if war should not come at last, these preparations, costing so much, will be a waste of property so far as European nations are concerned, but incidentally creating a better demand for the products of this country. If the scene of conflict is in the East, the supplies of wheat from Russia, and possibly from India, will be cut off, and western Europe must look to the United States for her supplies of food. This is a prospect which many farmers will view with great satisfaction, though the advantage would be only temporary. War means destruction, not only of life but of property. When it is over those who survive must work harder, buy less and produce more to make up for what war has wasted. This is what we should have been doing the last twenty years to repair the waste of our civil war, the greatest conflict that the world has even known."

Georgia farmers use more than \$10,000,000 worth of commercial fertilizers every year, while the little State of New Hampshire, having only about 2,000,000 acres of farm land, uses nearly a million dollars' worth.

SNOWFLAKES.

Where do they go,
The melting flakes of the bright, white snow?
They go to nourish the April showers,
They go to foster the Maytime flowers;
Where the roots of the hidden grasses grow,
There do they go.
How do they go?
Drop after drop, in a silent flow.
When the warm rain falls, and the winds are loud,
And the swallow sings in the rift of the cloud,
Through the frozen veins of the earth below
They softly go.
Why do they go?
Because Dame Nature will have it so!
More than this, truly, I cannot tell;
I am neither a seer nor an oracle!
When all is answered, I only know
That they come and go!
—Kate Putnam Osgood, in Wide Awake.

A MAIDEN OF CHIHUAHUA.

"Mamacita," cried Blasita Aldana, coming across the patio with old Dolores, her sometime nurse and present maid, shuffling at her heels, "mamacita! The Saenz were robbed last night. The door of the sala was broken in and the house ransacked. Lupe's pearls are gone, with all the silver cups, and spoons, and ladles, and Julio's charro suit, that cost three hundred dollars, and, oh! a lot of money Don Lauro had in his chest."

Cleofas Mora, widow of Aldana, shook her head in silent comment. She had heard all too much in the last few weeks of the depredations committed by the lawless gentry who had just begun to work their way up to Chihuahua from the States below.

"And, mamma," said Blasita, "Lupe Saenz says that Lorenzo Garcia has been walking past her window every night this week, and she is quite sure he cares more for her than for Agustina."

"Chismes!" then answered Cleofas Mora. "Why do you retail gossip? Have I not heard and hands full already, that you should come babbling of Gaudalope Saenz and her flirtations. I thank the saints that my Agustina is a prudent child, who does not take up with every young blade that appears on the Alameda. Who is this Lorenzo Garcia, whence comes he? to whom does he bring letters? In my young days we knew who a man might be before we owned he watched under our windows. A pretty pass we are coming to, with the free and easy manners the American women have brought among us."

Now, truth to tell, Dona Cleofas was, on an average, little of a scold; but today she was sore distraught. She was the fortunate possessor of means, moderate enough to be sure, but still adequate for her needs; and she and hers were gifted with sound minds and bodies. But at the present moment she was much exercised in spirit, and over the very two matters on which Blasita had touched so glibly. There was no doubt that Lorenzo Garcia had been making advances toward the house of Aldana. And there was equal certainty that Agustina was rather kindly disposed to hearken to the voice of the charmer, coyly as yet, it was true; but Dona Cleofas foresaw a lively contest for the day when the girl should definitely decide for her quasi-admirer, for Agustina was endowed with some tenacity of purpose. Lorenzo Garcia was a stranger in Chihuahua, for whom none could vouch, and, for all his handsome eyes and suave address, Dona Cleofas had no notion of passing over to his control one-third of the snug little sum she had laid by as dowry for her daughters. Now, too, Dona Cleofas had another source of disturbance, which she would by no means impart to her household, composed exclusively of women as it was. In the silent hours of the preceding night, she had heard clearly and unmistakably the sound of feet moving cautiously in the little court of her domicile, and her big watch-dog Pinto had been found stiff and dead that morning, although none save herself had thought of the cause she confidently assigned for his demise. So far as appeared, there was no protection to be had. The Aldana abode was rather isolated, and the very peculiarities of architectural form which render a Mexican house almost like a fortress to outside attack, virtually cut off communication with and assistance from the outside world, once the foe has gained foothold within the gates. In those days, the police force of Chihuahua, now admirably organized, was insignificant both as to numerical strength and effectiveness. Then Dona Cleofas, imbued with the spirit of woman's subjugation and social passivity of her race and day, felt that she could call on no man for her acquaintance for succor or protection. There was nothing to do but await the course of events.

Night fell, and the little family, shut inside their four walls, passed the winter evening as best they might. At bed-time Dona Cleofas called her people together, and, to their surprise and against their protests, marshaled them away to a great room, a guest-chamber rarely used, which lay at the rear of the house, toward the kitchens, and which was strongly defended, having no windows, but only heavy oaken doors. These Dona Cleofas locked and barred securely, and mustered her flock together. "Hush, Blasita! and you, too, Agustina. But look you at Eduardo, the youngest of you all—how silently he obeys, while you set up a clamor. Why do I bring you here? Because I will so, then. How now? Am I no longer mistress in my own abode? Here are three beds with ample pillows—get you to rest. And you, Blasita, Hermelinda and Dolores—to the sewing-women—spread out your blankets here on the floor, near the ninos, and let me hear not so much as a chirp from one of you till I call you in the morning."

Thus, disguising her tenderness and anxious fears with severe speech like many a woman of greater lore before her, Dona Cleofas summarily locked the one remaining door from the outside and marched away alone. She was confident that if trouble were imminent, it would come in the direction of the little shop that was her source of income, where was a respectable stock of goods of worth, and readily portable, beside her strong-box itself—no patent money-safes then obtaining in Chihuahua. Thither, then, to the store-room behind the shop did Dona Cleofas wend, and near by its weak point, a small door opening on the patio, she seated herself in a great arm-chair of

willow-work, and for a brief time gave herself up to the luxury of weeping. For, with all her force and decision of character, Dona Cleofas was but a woman, and it might be on the cards that she should gaze hot on the faces of her children again. She had brought her arsenal with her; no cunning fabrication of Colt's nor many-balled Winchester; for these inventions of murderous man, to maim and slay his fellows, Dona Cleofas had not the slightest use; she was the traditional woman in her horror of firearms, and would not have known how to make offensive use of them, unless as missiles to be hurled against an intruder's head. But alongside her, and resting against her knee, lay a heavy, long-helved axe, whose keen, broad edge had never been turned against knot of stubborn oak nor the gnarled roots that serve as fuel thereabouts. And Dona Cleofas had all faith in the power of her own right arm to wield it hard and well against a foe. The night went on, the silence was unbroken, and Dona Cleofas slept—slept hard and fast, until all at once, with a start, she was as wide awake as ever she was in her life, and realizing that very close to her throat of a man was emitting labored yet rapid breathings. The auditory sense was strong and definite in Dona Cleofas, and it took her not many seconds to decide that the intruder had crawled through an opening cut in the panel of the door before her, and there he was, apparently caught fast, sprawling, clawing, and wriggling to force himself farther in and clear of the opening. Now and then, in the fellow's contortions, his hot breath swept the hand of the watcher. Dona Cleofas drew a deep, soundless breath, and, rising swiftly, noiselessly to her feet, raised the axe in the air. Swift as light it fell—one mighty, convulsive writhe, and the man with that last twisting shudder had drawn himself past the grip of the ragged planks, and Dona Cleofas, stooping resolutely, drew him quite within with as natural a movement as her quivering nerves could compass.

A few moments of silence, then, barely audible, a sibilant whisper—"Thou, Lencho, is all well?" Through the hollow hands of Dona Cleofas an answer was sent back—"All well—come on!" Then, almost breath for breath, that same scene, unviewed in the great darkness, was enacted, and yet again.

But the third time, what with the strain on her over-wrought nerves, and the tax on her aching muscles, as she had dragged aside three well-grown, heavy bodies—the third time, and little Dona Cleofas could not answer to the question: "Art safely in? Does all go well?" But the fourth man, cautiously putting his head within the gap to reconnoitre, just missed the unfailing blow of the heavy axe.

"Por Dios!" but what was that? Some treachery is here, his voice broke forth. "And—the earth beneath the door is wet—with something slippery—hot—good God—with blood!" There was a smothered howl of rage and fear, the rush of scuffling feet, a ladder rattling against the wall as it was drawn up to the roof, and Dona Cleofas was alone, but for the dead.

The dawn had not yet opened into day when a watchman, staying the steps of a tottering woman, knocked at the great zaguan door of the Jefe Politico's house, and, after a parley with the servant on duty, and his summons to the master, the prefect came forth, looking curiously at the pale, haggard face of his early guest.

"But what is this, good Dona Cleofas? I cannot credit the tale, and yet, your blood-stained hands and garb—well, well! You go not hence on foot, nor fasting. After so sore a struggle you must want strength. Come in and sit you down, while coffee is brought to us, and the horses are put to my coach."

But if the good woman had seemed faint and ill when she sought the aid of the prefect, she had well-nigh quite recovered her wonted calm and self-reliance when she stood, an hour later, beside that dignitary and watched his wondering face, while he stripped the black mask from the faces of the dead.

"This is 'El Zorro,' the Fox," he murmured, consulting a formidable-looking paper adorned with great red seals; "that is to say, he corresponds in every particular with the description of that bandit, sent up for my instruction by my esteemed colleague, the Jefe de Zacatecas. This bearded one must be—yes—the Tarantula; and this one—hola! I seem to know his face!"

"No doubt," said Dona Cleofas, dryly; "with the name of Lorenzo Garcia, he has been playing the gallant to such of our girls as would hear him, and, no doubt, getting from them the points to use in his raids. Faith, one of my own pullets has listened to his purr! Senor Jefe, if I have done aught that merits praise, I pray your license to go and bring the girl, to whom perhaps your grace will say a word. A hard test for her—an awful sight! 'Tis so, your worship; but the chit needs the lesson. What might it not have been for her mother?"

All ignorant of what was going on, the rest of Dona Cleofas's flock thought it hard she should forbid them to follow Tina; but so the dame decreed, and looked them fast again, all breathless, pending the place was freed from its ghastly sights. And never, in Agustina's life to come, would she forget the awful scene, as she came to where the stark dead men lay, drawn by her mother's hand.

"Santo Cristo!" she cried; "what is it?—what does it mean?"

"It means, my child," the Jefe hastened to answer, "that your ready acceptance of the attentions of a stranger might have brought ruin and death upon your house. As it is, your good, wise mother has averted the danger, and even has added to your dowry, since for her accrued the fifteen hundred good, hard dollars offered by the paternal government for these three robbers she has killed, the leaders of an infamous band. Yes," he answered her piteous look; "yes, even this handsome Lorenzo, who was the decoy, the traitor, the spy, the worst of all the lot. What! Catch her! she is fainting! Ah, well, in truth he is, or was, a handsome scamp. Your axe has marred his beauty, good Cleofas."

The family Aldana still live in Chihuahua. The daughters all are married, and the unwritten history of the city, noted for its obedient, discreet maidens, places foremost in the rank of good daughters the three of Dona Cleofas.

and most submissive and dutiful of them all, Agustina.—Y. H. Addis, in Argonaut.

WISE WORDS.

With some folks what you were counts for more than what you are.

A debt of gratitude is too often compromised at about ten cents on the dollar.

Nature is a rag merchant, who works up every shred and sort and end into new creations.

In great cities we learn to look the world in the face. We shake hands with stern realities.

Idleness is the hotbed of temptation, the cradle of disease, the waster of time, the canker worm of felicity.

Real merit of any kind cannot long be concealed. It will be discovered, and nothing can depreciate it but a man's exhibiting it himself. It may not always be rewarded as it ought, but it will always be known.

We must find a weak spot or two in a character before we can love it much. People who do not laugh or cry, or take more of anything than is good for them, or use anything but dictionary words, are admirable subjects for biographers. But we don't care most for those fine pattern flowers that press best in the herbarium.

Ohio's Serpent Mound.

Professor Putnam, in a letter to the Boston Transcript, describes the famous Serpent Mound, situated in Adams County, Ohio. We quote from the Professor's letter:

"Brush Creek is the name of the stream which, flowing to the south, washes the western base of a steep cliff. On the eastern side the hill is not so precipitous, and gradually passes to the south-east into the undulating and cultivated fields beyond. On the top of this narrow hill or projecting tongue of land lies the earthwork, or the Serpent, with the large oval work, four feet high (the so-called egg), in front and partly in its jaws. The edge of this oval embankment is not far from the precipitous cliff forming the narrow northern point of the hill. For a short distance the neck of the Serpent extends to the southeast, and then the undulation of the body begins, extending from side to side of the hill, in four great folds, for about a thousand feet, and terminating in a triple coil of the tail. On each side of the head of the Serpent is a small embankment. The highest part of the embankment, forming the body of the Serpent, is given by Squier and Davis in their survey as five feet, but it is now somewhat lower, owing to the fact that after their survey the timber was cut and the place cultivated for a year or two. At some distance to the south from the coiled tail is a large circular mound, and between this and the serpent are many signs of a burial place which has never been explored. It is evident from the site occupied by this work and from its surroundings, from the large isolated mound and the character of the work itself, that it was a monument of religious import to its builders. A beautiful and commanding spot was selected for the purpose of unknown rites, and a work remarkable for its character, suggestive in its purpose, strange in its unique design, and now wonderful for its antiquity, was erected—a monument of an unknown people long since departed.

A Sudden End to the Game.

One day some men of the Fortieth New York infantry came to the battery to gamble. I took a hand in the game of seven-up for a dollar a corner and five on the rubber. We spread a blanket on the ground behind the earthworks and squatted around it. My partner, a Fortieth New York soldier, was a heavy-jawed, light-haired, blue-eyed lad of nineteen, an Albany boy, who played well, and fought well. He was a wit, and when in the humor would make a whole regiment of sick men laugh. We were a few dollars winners, and he was graphically and humorously describing the brigade of regulars running against a swamp in the wilderness, and the mythical conversation between the gray-haired commander and the second lieutenant just out of West Point, as the old soldier asked if there was anything in the new books about getting a brigade across a swamp, was delicious. As we laughed the handsome lad fell face down into the blanket and began to vomit blood. We grabbed him, turned him over, tore up his shirt, and saw where a ball had entered his side, cutting a gash instead of a hole. The wounded soldier did not speak. The blood rushed out of his mouth, his eyes glazed, his jaw dropped—he was dead. A chance ball had struck the tire of one of the wheels of the number one gun and glanced forward and killed the delightful comrade. His death ended the game. We put his body alongside of a couple of dead men and buried the three that night.—"Recollections of a Private."

Hornpipe, Reel and Jig.

The dance called the hornpipe is said by Brewer to have originated in the west of England. The Imperial dictionary describes it as a dance which originated in England and is very popular with British sailors. The reel is defined by the Imperial as a lively dance peculiar to Scotland. All the dictionaries define the reel as a lively Scottish dance. Hannah Moore writes to a friend: "As Westmoreland was so near to Scotland you would naturally be fond of a reel." A jig was originally a lively tune, and was afterward applied to a quick light dance which followed the music. The Irish jig is a dancing tune of two or three sections written in 6-8 time and the dance to which it is played is a great favorite with the festive Irish. The jig, however, is not peculiar to Ireland. Shakespeare in "Much Ado about Nothing," Act II, sc. 1, speaks twice of wooing, as like a Scotch jig, hot and hasty.—Journal of Commerce.

Failures Are Plentiful.

An old merchant said, years ago, that not more than 1 per cent. of the best class of merchants succeed without failing in Philadelphia. Not more than 2 per cent. of the merchants of New York ultimately retire on an independence after having submitted to the usual ordeal of failure, and not more than three out of every hundred merchants in Boston acquire an independence. In Cincinnati, out of 400 business men in business twenty years ago five are now doing business.—Dry Goods Chronicle.

DEATH.

Oh Death, the Consecrator!
Nothing so sanctifies a name,
As to be written—dead!
Nothing so wins a life from blame,
So covers it from wrath and shame,
As does the burial bed.

Oh Death, the Revelator!
Our deepest passions never move,
Till thou hast bid them wake,
We know not half how much we love,
Till all below and all above,
Is shrouded for our sake.

Oh Death, the great Peacemaker!
If enmity have come between,
There's naught like death to heal it,
And if we love, oh priceless pain,
Oh bitter-sweet, when love is vain,
There's naught like death to seal it.

—Carl Spencer.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Maud S has a stride of fifteen feet. That of a man dodging his bills is thirty. —Goodall's Sun.

It is strange, but true, that a woman with a new bonnet always carries her parasol closed. —New Haven News.

It is bad enough to break party ties, but it isn't half so embarrassing as to have them work around under your ear. —Burlington Free Press.

The rockers on a chair never stick out half so far behind at any other time as when a man is prowling around in the dark barefooted. —Dancville Breeze.

Jailor—"Hello, fellow! I've seen you here three or four times." Prisoner—"Well, what of that? I've seen you here just as often." —Harper's Bazar.

"When does a man weigh most?" is the heading of an article in a health journal. That is an easy one. He weighs most when he steps on a fellow's corns. —Siftings.

France makes about 100,000 quarts of champagne every year. One million quarts are shipped to England and the other 3,000,000 come to this country. That's what makes champagne dear. —Philadelphia Call.

Some one asks if the early man was a savage. We can't say very much for the early man, but the man who comes puffing into the station ten minutes after the train has left generally has the appearance of one. —Statesman.

Did you ever do some work, sir? At which you did not shirk, sir? And just do to the letter. But some other fellow came in view, and gravely told to you, That he could do it ten times better! —Goodall's Sun.

A Harvard professor has made the calculation that if men were really as big as they sometimes feel, there would be room in the United States for only two professors, three lawyers, two doctors, and a reporter on a Philadelphia paper. The rest of us would be crowded into the sea and have to swim for it. —Detroit Free Press.

Severed Fingers.

We have spoken of skin-grafting—the process by which bits of skin from healthy parts of the body, or from the body of some self-sacrificing friend, are transferred to an ugly ulcer, or an extensive and deep burn, and which, becoming centres of healthy growth, promote the healing, otherwise doubtful. We have also spoken of sponge-grafting, in which pieces of sponge are introduced into gaping wounds, and with the blood-clot that fills the interstices, are rapidly organized into flesh with all its proper nerves and vessels.

More lately it has been found that bone-grafting is a possibility for healing and restoration of destroyed bone, bits being used somewhat as bits of skin are used in skin-grafting. In the first instance, the physician was able to employ bone from the severed leg of a child; subsequently he used with equal success bits from a kid killed for the purpose.

This method will need further testing. But it has long been known that where a portion of a bone—it may be a large portion—has been lost, the intermediate space will fill up with new bone, and fully reunite the severed parts, provided the limb is kept fully extended. For this, however, it is necessary that the thin membrane which covers the bone (periosteum) should have remained sound.

In the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal, a few months ago, Dr. Souther, of Worcester, told of a young man who brought to him a severed part of his little finger, wrapped up in his handkerchief. The doctor adjusted the piece—it was three-quarters of an inch in length—and, much to his surprise, the parts grew together, and the circulation was renewed.

More recently a surgeon of Burdett, New York, has given a still more signal case.

He was called to a boy, three of whose fingers had been cut off by an axe. It was three or four hours before he reached the boy. The fingers were cut clean off from the middle joint of the first finger to the root of the nail of the third. While dressing them, the grandmother, brought in the fingers, which she had just found in the snow.

Against his own convictions, he consented to try to save them. He succeeded, and saved all except about one-half the joint of the first finger, in which the blood failed to circulate. The boy regained the free use of the severed fingers. —Youth's Companion.

Odd Bits of Natural History.

Mr. Bradley, in his "Treatise on Agriculture," states that "two sparrows, during the time they were feeding their young, carried in one week 3,366 caterpillars from a cabbage garden to their nest."

Caterpillars eat about four times their own weight in food every day.

Bats are useful as scavengers. The song of the thrush is remarkable for its mellow intonation and for the variety of its notes, and he is considered by many as the foremost of woodland songsters.

The name nightingale is derived from two words, viz: Nacht, night, and galin, to sing. These birds abound in Turkish cemeteries, it having long been a custom of love to keep these birds upon the graves of the dear ones gone before. The male bird has no attractions of personal beauty; he must win purely on the merit of his song.

FARM AND GARDEN.

Improving the Corn Crop.

The importance of the corn crop gives the greatest interest to any suggestions in regard to improved methods of culture and any possible increase in the yield. A larger yield is tantamount to a decreased cost, for if but one bushel in a hundred can be added to the gross product it would make up the equivalent of 16,000,000 bushels, or the product of 500,000 acres, all of which might be spared for other crops. But it is quite possible to add at least twenty-five per cent. to the average yield, which is only twenty-five bushels per acre in a favorable year. No one will hesitate to affirm the easy possibility of raising this yield to thirty or thirty-five bushels per acre, and this would be equivalent to a reduction of the area in this crop of about 17,000,000 acres, all of which might be turned to pasture or forage crops, or, if any increase in these crops should be deemed unwise, the land so spared might be planted with timber and a double benefit secured.

There are many ways in which the corn crop may be improved that are but little thought of. The cob or spike, or rachis—to speak correctly—upon which the grain is borne is a considerable item in the yield of the crop. The percentage of cob to grain varies very much. Some varieties of corn, for instance, have no more than 12 to 13 per cent. of cob, or a weight of 9 pounds in the 100 pounds allowed for each bushel. This leaves nearly 61 pounds of grain to the bushel. Other varieties have larger cobs, ranging up to 24 per cent. of the weight, leaving less than 53 pounds to the bushel of grain, a difference of nearly 14 bushels in the 100 of grain in favor of the more productive ear. Thus, if the best kinds of corn were grown, one-seventh of the land, or about 10,000,000 acres, could be spared, and the saving to the farmers in cost of crop would be more than \$30,000,000, and this amount would be added to the profit.

One more point in this regard may be mentioned. Much is said about multiple ears on the stalks and a kind of corn which has the habit of bearing two ears upon a stalk is thought to be a most valuable acquisition. But one good ear is better than two inferior ones; just as shepherds consider one good single lamb more profitable than two smaller twins. The solid contents of a cylinder increase in proportion to diameter in the ratio of the square of the diameter; thus an ear of corn twice as thick as another will have four times the solid contents, and of course must have a much larger weight of corn. A multiple earing variety grown in Tennessee, which has small ears, produces less corn per acre, with two ears to each stalk, than the large Chester County (Penn.) corn with less than one ear to each stalk. Some of these large ears have a quart of corn upon them, and thus thirty-two ears would produce a bushel of grain. This point is of great significance in regard to the improvement of the crop.—*New York Times.*

Farm and Garden Notes.

Good fertilizers for grapes are bone meal and potash.

Crushed oats and bran make a capital ration for dairy cows.

If you want the flow of milk to keep up always milk clean.

Tomatoes may be trained to poles, so as to grow six feet high.

The proper weight for a turkey for the table is said by old marketmen to be eight pounds.

Trees may be protected from meadow mice by banking up with a mound of earth a foot high.

The soaking of fence posts in blue vitriol is certified to be the best preparation for preserving them.

Know by test and not by guess which is the most profitable cow in your herd, and why she is the best.

The hogs which breed well and are popular in the market are the kinds farmers should try to raise.

It is an injury to cream to suffer it to rise where the surface of it is exposed freely to air much warmer than itself.

Dropping ears, lowering, hanging head, diarrhoea, vomiting, rapid breath and aversion to light are symptoms that point to a hog cholera.

The *American Agriculturist* curtly remarks: "The poorest ensilage we have ever seen has been in the silos of agricultural colleges."

The *American Gardener* says: "Most nuts will not sprout after they become thoroughly dry and should, therefore, be planted as soon as ripe."

A farmer who understands his business says: Land properly prepared and the crop managed to the best advantage is somewhat independent of rain after it has got its first start.

The 100 points which critics have assigned to butter are thus made up: Flavor, twenty-five; keeping qualities, twenty; texture, twenty-five; color, fifteen; appearance, fifteen.

According to Benj. P. Ware, eminent authority upon fruit culture, the very high cultivation of the orchard, year after year will greatly increase crops but materially shorten the life of the trees.

The best bed for pigs is one made of leaves. Fine litter of any kind is always preferred by them to that which is coarse, and the cheapest and most convenient is leaves, which require no preparation for that purpose.

Pigs not intended for slaughter this winter will not require corn if kept well sheltered. Ground oats and middlings make a better food for them, and will keep them growing until the pasture is ready in the spring.

The *National Stockman* assigns the following properties to the prize butter-maker: Clean mouth, sweet breath, clean clothes, clean apron, honesty, neatness, sweetness, level-headedness and ability to keep accounts.

In preparing food for stock, such as cooked vegetables, chopped feed, etc., always season with salt. Every animal craves it, and must have a certain amount of saline matter introduced into its system to enable it to thrive.

There is a large field open for those who will make a specialty of fax. It is a quick-growing crop; is easily grown as wheat, and improved machinery has made it more easily fitted for market. It gives a profit in both straw and seed.

A French cultivator gives his method of increasing the number of potato tubers: When the young stems have attained about four inches in height, all of them excepting two of the central ones are cut away, and these two only are allowed to grow.

Instead of buying poor beef from the butchers' cart farmers should provide themselves with good, fine grained mutton from their own flocks. Keep the sheep fat and arrange with neighbors to exchange quarters. In winter mutton can be kept fresh quite a while.

In no other country in the world are the feathers of the barnyard fowls so recklessly wasted as in our own. In France no part of the fowl is wasted, unless, perhaps, it be the intestines. The feet and heads are used at the cheaper restaurants to give body to their soups, etc.

It is well to remember that butter held for any great length of time shrinks considerably in weight. A consignment of 3,323 pounds sent to New York by an Illinois creamery shrunk fifty pounds in a fortnight, while a lot of 6,104 pounds sold in ten weeks showed a shrinkage of 151 pounds.

It is a very bad plan to use concrete, or any hard substance, for flooring to poultry houses, unless it be covered with earth. The fowls, of course, cannot scratch, and it keeps the feet constantly "on the stretch," owing to its unyielding nature. We should very much prefer the bare ground.

Pick over your fowls and avoid breeding from the poorer specimens. If you have not already culled your flocks attend to this very soon. Weed them out. Set the imperfect ones aside to fatten by and by. Select the best cockerels and the finest-shaped pullets for sale, or for future stock-birds as breeders.

The beauty of keeping cows where the cream can be sold for cash is that it brings in a continuous supply of money. The farmer can always have some money. If he has a special call, such as a note falling due, or taxes to pay, he can save up his sums for cream and meet it, in the place of his being compelled to sell his hogs or some other property at a sacrifice.

It is said that invalids who are largely confined to a diet of milk acquire such a delicacy of taste that they detect a change in the cows that produce it, and know the flavor of their favorite cow and the proportion of it they get each day. Some pick out the milk they relish, and when traced to the cow that yields it, will have no other so long as it is obtainable. They become as cranky as old toppers are in regard to the brand of their wines.

The French, who export more pears than any other nation, cover the inside of the boxes with spongy paper or dry moss, which absorbs the moisture. Each pear is then wrapped in soft paper, and placed in layers in the boxes, the largest and least mature in the bottom, filling all interstices with the dry moss. Thus they will keep a month or more. They are so closely packed that, though they cannot touch each other, all motion is prevented. If one decays the others are not harmed.

Beans may be rather expensive feeding, but they are rich in nitrogen and are excellent for producing eggs, as they can be partially made to supply the place of meat. A quart of beans cooked to pieces and thickened with ground grain and chopped hay, makes a food that is as nearly complete as could be wished, and as the inferior beans and peas can sometimes be purchased at an advantage they may not be as expensive as expected. If the hens lay well on such food the expense will be lessened in proportion.

Says the *Tribune and Farmer*: "No use to grow perishable fruits and vegetables, like peaches, onions, celery, more than the family can consume, unless you have access to a near market. It hardly ever pays to ship peaches to the large cities from way inland, except, perhaps, from Southern sections in order to catch the early trade. Work the home market for all it is worth. Still it is always better to grow these articles in excess of the home needs than not grow enough. The surplus can always be put to some use."

L. S. Hardin, who is considered pretty good authority in dairy matters, says that when a man starts out to be a dairyman, to make butter or cheese for sale or milk to supply a town or city route, his first duty is to select a herd of cows that have been specially bred for giving milk or making butter. There can be no question about this. He should pay more attention to her capacity for making beef than drawing saw logs. He wants an abundant and economical milk-maker from the day she enters the herd until he puts her worn-out carcass in a hole down in the back pasture.

The hen changes its plumage once a year, and while this process is going on egg production is necessarily suspended. The making of a new coat of feathers usually occurs in the fall after the hen has been busily engaged in laying eggs through the summer. Unless well fed at this time cold weather comes before the new coat is on, and there will be no eggs until spring. Otherwise, with warm quarters and good feeding, hens in full feather should lay in winter as well as in summer. The large fowls which looked ragged about midsummer will probably prove good winter layers, while those that produced their egg a day all through the warm weather will be worth little or nothing until spring brings their laying season again.

The fleece on the merino ram should be dense, well set and standing well up under pressure, and, if pressed down, should have sufficient elasticity to return quickly to its upright position. It should be dense rather than long in staple. It should cover all parts of the body, head, legs and underneath the belly. It is desirable that this last should have the wrinkles running down onto and across it, and be covered with as long, thick wool as the sides. The face should be covered with a heavy foretop of wool, rimmed round broadly over the eyes. The model ram does not have the wool running down very close to the end of the nose; but a ram with such a face may be very profitably used on a flock if the ewes have poor faces. The fleece should be as even in length, thickness and quality on all parts of the body as possible.

The average catch of lobsters on the Maine coast has been 25,000,000 yearly for thirty years.

VISIT TO A TEA ESTATE

MANIPULATING THE PLANT ON A CEYLON PLANTATION.

Gorgeous Tropical Scenes—Men Curing Tea-Leaves—Particulars of the Hand-Work Processes.

Anna Ballard has been visiting a tea plantation on the Island of Ceylon. She was taken to the elevated tea estate in an arm-chair carried on four men's shoulders. We quote from the lady's letter to the *Chicago News*:

The estate showed three or four generations of agricultural enterprise. Old estates were the stumps of the coffee, which was put in forty years ago, made money fast, and its day was over. Then came the quinine. Tracts of this plant, the cinchona, presented wonderful beauty. The large leaves of both crops were as perfect in form and apparently in fiber as though the tree had a lifetime before it. Some of them were deep red, the rest were glossy green. Each tree was a bouquet without a blossom. Their colors can be felt but not told. The planter is stripping off the bark regardlessly. The peeled trunks were bound with straw to heal and protect their wounds. So long as the trees stand it he strips off another skin after six months; and the second bark is finer than the first. When no longer this outrageous treatment is profitable he will dig up the tree and get the final, an excellent medicinal scrape, from the roots. Then perish the medicinal crop, which, for these flaming trees, will be next year—flaming because they are forced to live too fast—and the interspersed tea bushes, now low, then higher, will take place as the main if not sole plant of the planter's care.

Scattered among all these were trunks, directly out of which, by tough stems, hung heavy, dark crimson pods, the bulky front of the chocolate, cacao. But of all these and other plants tea is the main agricultural expectation, not only of this estate but of nearly all the tropical orient.

It was not cold; the moist air was even exhilarating and made every leaf shine, while we passed through the ever and everywhere blooming jungle of the valley, followed a cut path on the hillside around the whole of a mountain range, passed through and through the estate, which lies on hill beyond hill, and finally arrive at the 2,200 feet elevated bungalow standing in the midst of such a garden, such a garden! as the tropics, and a flower lover can gather together the richest, the sweetest, the rarest, and some of the odd, admirable growths of the jungle, all transplanted to show well, and hold their own among the potted plants and the bedded and trellised flowers of civilization.

On the way up I saw from my chair a line of graceful, bare-foot women following each other down a steep clayey and stony path, carrying baskets. These were tea-pluckers on their way to "the store"—a large building which is the storehouse or barn of the plantation. There, after each woman or child's ingathering is weighed and the amount credited to her, the leaves are spread upon the garret floor to wither. Next they are taken to a long table which has a beautiful polish and is stained to a lovely mahogany by tea juice. A row of men stand on each side of the table. The withered leaves are brought down from the garret and distributed in piles, a pile for each two opposite workers. Then they begin a long monotonous, perpetual kneading roll. You would think it is nothing to do, but the same muscles are exercised, of the back as they bend from side to side and of the arms and hands as they manipulate the amount they can manage in hand, pushing or kneading it as they roll it off first to the northeast, as you might say, and then to the northwest. It is warm work, but the heat is nothing to that in these machine-working stores, where the temperature is kept high to accelerate the process.

Every few moments they take up the handful they have been rolling and scatter it down; then collect it and knead it again. The scattering is done that the leaves may not be clogged together. I had been wondering how the moist, macerated mass could ever dry into the separated leaves and fine fragments of our tea-canisters. And I had not understood how, when they plucked leaves from a bush and put them indiscriminately into one basket, the youngest and smallest, and those little larger, and the largest, could be assorted so as to make the different grades of tea. The table process made it plain. When they have rolled it long enough the whole is mixed together and reapportioned in piles between each pair of men as before. The second time they knead it much harder. There are five minutes for the men between each rolling, and they can slip out and swallow a little rice if they choose, but the majority eat nothing until after their work is over, when they have only their rice and curries. They are far from being gormandizers, these slender-limbed people; nor are they a "sensual" race, as compared with occidentals. So sensitive are they made by this light diet that a hot curry stimulates their spirits and sets their tongues into talking equal to the effect of a quart of lager on grosser men.

They are not allowed to leave the table during a rolling, and are forbidden to chew betel in the tea house (which answers to them for tobacco chewing), and the conductors and all assistants are made by the superintendent to be stringently particular that all wash their hands before they begin to work. One planter has a basin so placed that he can himself see that every man washes his hands.

The rolling is for the purpose of breaking every cell in the leaf. Only then and thus can the light fermentation bring out the spirit of the plant. The larger, tougher leaves do not crush as quickly as the rest, and are selected out after the process is progressed. They are laid by, for instance, at the end of a rolling, and are to be finished by themselves as an older growth, and not so fine a quality of tea.

While the rollers have a five-minute's interval between rollings, the tea, which feels very much crushed, is wrapped up in a sheet and laid by to reheat upon it. And it gets itself up into a ferment, which, like the withering takes longer or shorter, according to its age, the weather, etc. The time is closely calculated, as I discovered by "What time is it, Solomon?" asked by the planter of his conductor. Forty-five minutes had fermented the lot that I had seen rolled.

Now the charcoal glows in the bottom of a row of furnaces, box-shaped, about four feet high, the open top being just the size of the square sieves. This estate has three charcoal makers, who grub out the old coffee tree stumps and make them into charcoal. When the estate is cleared of these relics then it must buy its charcoal. The tea is watched closely and is stirred to keep from burning, and the sieve is often taken off and shaken as only an adept can. You or I, if we should so lift up and jolt down the sieve, would flop the contents all over the plantation. Three only of the men do this work, and they are held responsible for the curing of the tea, each keeping his product separate, and if not well done he has to pay for it by deduction from his wages. The smaller leaves dry first, and there is a second sieve, one finer than the other. The planter put me up a little tin box of tea leaves warm from the fire, which finished the exhibition.

Bone-Hunting on the Plains.

A few years ago, when buffaloes were more plentiful on the great Western plains than they are to-day or ever will be again, they were ruthlessly slaughtered by unscrupulous hunters, who gained the name of "skin-strippers." Since their only motive in slaying the beasts was to secure their hides. There was always a great and steady demand for buffalo robes, and the "skin-strippers" found their occupation as profitable as it was wanton and unjustifiable. The largest element of danger that entered into the pursuit was from the Indians; but, on the other hand, in a number of cases the Indians were co-operators with the white speculators in buffalo hides, and assisted in keeping the Eastern market well supplied.

It is hardly necessary to say that the business of skinning buffaloes could not be carried on by any means without an amount of co-operation by the Indians, who were profitable to even self-supporting at the present time. The buffalo is fast becoming extinct, and such surviving members of his race as are left in the great Northwest have become wary and elusive. It will never again be possible for the enterprising "skin-strippers" to sweep down upon enormous herds of these noble though ungainly creatures and slaughter them by the score, leaving their skin denuded carcasses to rot upon the plains, or furnish food for the wolves and coyotes. Realizing this fact, the "skin-strippers" have either taken up a new and less exciting occupation, and are now known as "bone-hunters," or have abandoned the buffalo industry altogether. The "outfit" of the bone-hunter is a familiar spectacle in the Territory of Montana and in other portions of the West where the slaughter of buffaloes by the wholesale has been of comparatively recent date.

That the gathering of buffalo bones is a recognized industry is easily proved by the following figures. During the season of 1883-4 there were shipped East over the line of the Northern Pacific Railroad alone 2,536 tons, or nearly 800 cars, of bones. These bones were brought to various points on the line of the railroad by the bone hunters, and were then sold to the agents of the consumers. They were at that time worth about \$24 a ton at the market and paid the railroad company on an average a little over \$6 a ton in freight charges. They are used chiefly by sugar refineries, bone-black establishments, and carbon works, the Detroit Carbon Works being one of the largest places of consumption in the country. They are also used extensively at St. Louis and at Philadelphia.—*Harper's Weekly.*

Making a Mandarin to Order.

John Jacob Astor was determined to send a ship to China in spite of the embargo of 1870-9. The astonishment of the ship owners of New York, whose vessels were lying idle in the docks, may be imagined when they read in the *Commercial Advertiser* of August 13, 1878, this piece of shipping news:

"Yesterday the ship *Beaver*, Captain Galloway, sailed for China."

Everybody knew that the ship *Beaver* was owned by John Jacob Astor. The other merchants of the city were naturally indignant when they heard that Mr. Astor had been so highly favored. At last it was discovered that he had a "special permission from the President of the United States for his ship *Beaver*, navigated by thirty seamen, ostensibly to carry home to Canton a great Chinese mandarin." It was said that Astor had picked up a Chinaman in the park, dressed him to fit the mandarin story, secured the Presidential permit, and dispatched his ship before the story got abroad. A rival merchant wrote to President Jefferson, informing him that the Chinese mandarin was no mandarin at all, but only a common Chinese dock loafer. The writer further suggested that, if the government had given the permit under a misunderstanding, the error should be corrected, and the honor of the administration vindicated by punishing the offender. Mr. Astor's friends called upon him that night and congratulated him upon the success of his enterprise, and they had a hearty laugh over the affair. He could well afford to laugh at the result of his brilliant coup, for the *Beaver* made so successful a voyage that she returned to New York the following year with \$2,000,000 more than she carried away.—*Boston Bulletin.*

Washington's Knee Buckle.

A Lewiston lady has one of General Washington's knee buckles. It is a genuine article whose history can be traced back authentically to General Washington through a Revolutionary patriot grandaunt, who one day picked up the shining buckle left by the Father of his Country in the camp of Valley Forge. He knew it was General Washington's as certainly as he would have known General Washington's three-cornered hat. Subsequent generations preserved the buckle and the story, allowing neither to lose value by age. The buckle has been transferred into a bosom pin. The old-time buckle is an oval setting of brilliant in old-fashioned silver with an inner border of pale, antique-looking gold. It is striking from its oddity.—*Lewiston (Me.) Journal.*

There are 25,810 doctors in Great Britain, or one for every 1,350 inhabitants. In France the proportion is one for 1,400; in Austria, Germany, and Norway, one for every 1,500; in the United States, one for every 600, while in Russia there is only one for 6,236.

THE LAND OF FROSTBITES

WINTRY SCENES IN THE HOME OF THE ESQUIMAUX.

Traveling in the Snow With the Temperature Sixty Degrees Below Zero—Curing Frostbites.

The vapor of the breath will at once condense on the beard in the shape of ice that will keep accumulating indefinitely if not removed, says Lieutenant Schwatka, writing in the *Youth's Companion* of his arctic experiences. Of course we tried to keep our beards as short as possible, but, living as Esquimaux, shaving was completely out of the question unless we lathered ourselves with a snowball and shaved with an icicle. So all our efforts were confined to what we could do with a pair of scissors, and even then the ice would manage to get at this slim hold and build itself up into a ball of varying proportions.

Our method of removing it was peculiar. When we stopped to rest we would bury our mouths in the palms of our open hands and breathe with deep inspirations for a minute or two. This would always make the icy mass drop off, especially if the beard was kept short.

If the reindeer hood comes too close up around the chin it also will accumulate ice in the same way, and in keeping it far enough away to avoid this the full chin is generally exposed. The chin, the nose, the eyes, and part of the cheeks are the only portions of the face exposed, for the hood comes down closely to the eyebrows. These exposed parts of the face are subject to frequent nips of frost, which during a very disagreeable day of wind and low temperature may exceed half a dozen an hour.

The cure is to take the warm hand out of the reindeer mitten and apply it directly to the place until the little white spot which attracted the attention of some companion walking by your side disappears, for so complete a local anesthetic is frost that you would never have known it yourself. This is especially true of the protuberant parts of the chin and cheeks, but sometimes upon the nose, just at the instant of freezing, is felt a hornet-like sting that makes a person feel like jumping twenty feet into the air.

I have often been asked if such bitter cold air would not freeze the tongue in the mouth while breathing, and I have noticed this sensation apparently once or twice when the thermometer stood at about seventy degrees minus, but could at once get rid of the feeling by breathing through the nostrils and closing the mouth for a short time. The question naturally arises: Why not breathe through the nostrils all the while; but doing so continuously always results in such a persistent catarrh that it does not take one long to return to the usual method of breathing through the mouth, as by far less disagreeable.

Every one has heard about the drowsiness that accompanies extreme cold, and supposed by many to be caused by breathing intensely cold air. None of my party experienced it in the least in all our winter's trip of almost constant travel in not only the greatest cold, but the longest continued cold endured by white men, showing that, living as the Esquimaux do, no such discomfort or danger need be feared.

I have said that this intensely cold weather was usually accompanied by calms which made it quite bearable. I remember one quite noteworthy exception. One morning the thermometer at 8 o'clock showed us that it was sixty-eight degrees below zero, but as it was calm and quiet we loaded our sledges for a day's journey to the igloo of an Esquimaux, where we could buy reindeer meat for our dogs.

We were just ready to start when a wind sprang up that felt like facing razor-blades. Had it come ten minutes sooner we should not have thought of going, but being loaded we started. The dogs trotted, and we ran along the whole way except for one short rest, until we reached the welcome snow home. Both the white men and the Esquimaux were frozen in unexpected places.

At the end of the journey the thermometer showed fifty-five degrees minus—that is, it was warmer by thirteen degrees. I told this to the Esquimaux with me, but I think from the incredulous glances they took at each other that they voted the thermometer to be the most accomplished Ananias they ever met, and wondered how we could allow ourselves to be duped by it.

Horses Resting.

"Horses can get some rest standing," said an old trainer recently, to a *New York Mail and Express* reporter, "providing the position be reasonably easy, but no full rest except recumbent. It is known of some horses that they never lie down in the stall, though if kept in pasture they take their rest habitually in a recumbent position. It is well to consider whether the habit has not been forced upon the horse by some circumstance connected with the stall he was made to occupy, in that it had a muddy earth floor, or one made of dilapidated plank, uncomfortable and offensive to the horse that has been accustomed to select his own bed in the pasture. If the horse can have the privilege of selecting his own position for resting of his feet, he can sleep standing; but while his muscles may be to a certain degree relaxed and get rest in that position, what can be said of the bearings at the joints? Without relief through the recumbent position, the joint surfaces are forced continuously to bear a weight varying from one thousand to one thousand eight hundred pounds. This must act unfavorably, especially upon the complicated structures within the hoofs which nature intended should have periods of rest each day."

The First American Library.

The first American library was that of Harvard College, which was founded in 1638, and it was about fourteen years after this that Ezekiah Usher, the first bookseller in the United States, opened his bookstore in Boston. From 1775 to 1800 thirty libraries were established in this country. In the next twenty-five years 120 were established, and in the next twenty-five, 551. From 1850 to 1875, 2,481 libraries were established, and now there is scarcely a house in the country which has not its collection of books, nor a town which has not its public library.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

Recipes.

Chicken Salad: Take the breasts of two chickens, two large bunches of celery, and four hard-boiled eggs; chop these separately and fine; put together and mix thoroughly. Then make a gravy of one tablespoonful of mustard, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one cup of vinegar, and one half cup of butter; pour hot over the salad.

Stuffed Potatoes: Choose some large potatoes, peel them, cut a small piece off the top of each, and scoop them out carefully with a knife and fill them with sausage meat; replace the top pieces. Grease a baking pan with butter and lay the potatoes side by side in it, with a little lump of butter between each; bake them in a hot oven.

Fried Eggs with Brown Sauce: Brown two tablespoonfuls of flour in a little butter, stir a little water to it, a very little chopped onion, and a pinch of sugar and one of salt; put into a saucepan and boil for an hour, stirring occasionally to prevent it from getting lumpy. Fry a couple of eggs in butter or lard, place them in a dish, pour the sauce over them and serve with fried bread.

Orange Marmalade: Six large, sweet oranges and juice of two lemons; shred into fine pieces with a sharp knife, leaving out the seeds; put into a preserving kettle with two quarts of cold water, and let it stand all night; boil for one hour and add five pounds of sugar and boil one hour longer, or until the syrup is quite thick; fill jelly tumblers or small jars, and when cool, cover closely. It will keep a long time and is easily made.

Boiled Apple Balls: Peel, core and cut up into dice two pounds of good apples; put them in a basin and mix them with half a pound of sugar, the grated rind of a lemon, one ounce of butter, quarter pint of milk and six eggs, the whites of which must be beaten to a froth, then add as much breadcrumbs as will make the mixture stiff; roll it up into small balls, and boil in salted water. Serve with sauce.

Rice Cake: One cup of cold boiled rice, three eggs, a tablespoonful of melted lard and the same of sugar; three large cupfuls of warmed milk, a cupful of flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder sifted twice with the flour, one even teaspoonful of salt. Beat the yolks light; rub the sugar and lard together and add to these, then the milk and salt, and lastly the whipped whites and flour alternately; beat hard one minute. Bake in a quick oven in two "bitch" tins, and eat before it falls.

Household Hints.

To Raise the Pile of Velvet: Cover a hot iron with a wet cloth, and hold the velvet over it. Brush it quickly while damp, to raise the pile.

Durable Whitewash: Fresh, well-slaked lime, stirred into equal parts of water and buttermilk, to the usual consistency, will make a whitewash that will not rub off. Keep it hot while applying it.

Cement for Glass: A good, clear cement for glass is hard to find. One is made by dissolving an ounce of isinglass in two wineglasses of spirits of wine. Care must be taken not to let it boil over, as it is highly inflammable.

Washing Flannels: The proper way to wash woolen garments or socks, is to rub them gently through warm suds made of white hard soap, with a teaspoonful of powdered borax to each two gallons. Rinse in clear, warm water, and dry quickly.

Washing Colored Calicoes: Dissolve, say ten cents worth of sugar of lead in six to eight quarts of pure water (rain water is best), and, after the garments are washed and rinsed, let them be dipped in and wrung out. It not only sets the color, but keeps it.

Paste for Scrap Books: Dissolve a lump of alum as large as a hickory nut in a quart of boiling water. Mix one-half a pint of flour to a smooth, thick batter, stir in the alum water, and boil five to ten minutes, until the paste looks smooth and transparent, then remove from the fire, and stir in a small teaspoonful each of oil of cloves and of saffron.

A Seven Years' Fire.

A letter from Virginia City, Nev., says: A matter which should be of interest has recently been brought to light here. This is the fact that fire has been found smoldering on the 1,600-foot level of the California that has endured ever since a fire broke out in that mine about seven years ago. At that time the part of the mine in which the fire occurred was sealed up by means of bulkheads. A drift now shows that the fire is still alive. The old timbers have been slowly charring, and in places where covered with a great weight of rocks and earth they have been converted into what presents the appearance of a fair article of bituminous coal. This seems to be on account of pitch in the wood. Some years ago there was brought to this city a piece of pitch pine taken from an ordinary coal pit, one end of which appeared to be genuine bituminous coal. This has been formed where there was no great amount of pressure upon it. When so small amount of fire as in the California mine is found to endure for seven years, should we be incredulous when assured by men of science that the centre of the earth, once a molten mass of rock, still remains in a molten state after untold ages? How many years the small bunch of fire in the California will still remain alive it is impossible to say. The drift that cut into it has been securely closed, and it will probably be allowed to smoulder on for another ten years.

Zouaves on a "Tear."

During the war the Louisiana Zouaves passed through Atlanta on their way to Richmond. Most of the Zouaves were in a fair way to get "full," and to guard against having the men scattered they were locked in on the second floor of the old city hall. That night the Zouaves made a ladder of themselves, came down and "took in" the town. One of them got on the second floor veranda of the Washington Hall and was howling like a wild Indian. Col. Acton seized a bed slat and started out to enforce the peace, but withdrew when he saw the Zouave. He knew a bed slat was no weapon to attack a zouave with. The Louisianians proceeded to paint the town a lively crimson.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Arlington Advocate

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Suppression of Crime.

There is a growing impression among intelligent and orderly people that the laws of this country generally, so far as they relate to the punishment of criminals and the prevention of crime, are grossly defective and inadequate. It is a fact, extensively recognized, that under the systems of criminal jurisprudence pursued in nearly all the states, offences against persons and property tend to increase rather than diminish, both in frequency and in gravity. Evil disposed persons are becoming more and more audacious in their transgressions against the public peace, and the security of portable goods in the hands of rightful owners is steadily diminishing. Felonious assaults, robberies and thefts are so common that they attract only fleeting attention, and murder seems likely to fall under the designation of simple misdemeanor unless something is not speedily done to affirm its real atrocity and inspire anew the repugnance to it which is inculcated by moral teaching and the genius of civilization. There is reason to apprehend that, owing to the laxity of the law and the lenient methods adopted by the courts in dealing with offenders, the criminal class of our population is being recruited with such rapidity as to afford ground for serious anxiety. Crime is committed in many places with complete impunity. Not more than one perpetrator out of ten is brought to punishment at all, and very few of those who are convicted receive the full measure of their deserts.

It is unnecessary to cite instances in which there have been miscarriages of justice, for they are so numerous that all are familiar with lapses of that sort. The consequences are so unfortunate that good citizens are earnestly desirous of reform in this respect, though few are prepared to formulate on their own responsibility plans for enforcing it. There are many-pamphlet sentimentalists whose morbid mental characteristics constantly impel them to counsel tenderness and mercy in the treatment of criminals, and they have been able to exercise a pernicious influence upon legislators, courts and jurors, but the time has come when their notions must be discarded. Murderers should be hanged, and robbers, thieves and violators of public order imprisoned; and the interval between the deed and the penalty ought to be as brief as possible. But that is not all. Persons who have been enrolled as members of the criminal class should be permanently disposed of, so that they cannot indulge their vicious propensities at the expense of the community. A recent development of opinion in this respect is presented in the inaugural message of Governor Lounsbury, of Connecticut, to the Legislature of that state. He recommends that habitual criminals be sentenced to prison for life terms instead of being periodically released to prey upon the public. Of course he refers to hardened offenders who have already served time in penal institutions for violations of the law.

Many handsome calendars have come to us this year from insurance companies, business houses, etc., but the one par excellence in point of artistic merit is the one issued by the leading lumber merchant of our neighboring city of Cambridge, Mr. George W. Gale. In this, as in other respects, he is bound to take the lead. His establishment is certainly a model in one respect at least—the dry lumber department. He has a great building capable of holding hundreds of thousands feet of finished lumber, in hard and soft woods, and with the aid of steam heat keeps the entire building at the high temperature best calculated to procure the desired results, and nothing is ever delivered in this line until the perfection of drying is assured. Builders and others can easily appreciate the value of this. In the other departments of his business equal care to secure the best results is taken, so that his yards on Main street, Cambridgeport, may be said to be models in every respect. Low prices and quick sales in his business motto.

The annual encampment of Mass. Dept., G. A. R., was opened in Boston last evening. It was a large and enthusiastic gathering of veterans.

The repeated outrages upon American fisheries by the Canadian authorities has thoroughly aroused Congress at last and vigorous action by both branches has been the result. The bill which the Senate has passed simply provides that the same grade of vessels which Canada refuses to admit to trade in her ports, and to land fish to be sent home by other vessels or by rail, shall not be admitted to American ports to trade, to obtain or to sell fish. That is, it is proposed to apply the remedy to that branch of industry and trade which the Canadian authorities have unjustly and maliciously interfered with. The measure which the House Committee has reported provides for practical non-intercourse—to extend the prohibition to industries and trade not connected with the fisheries—to put an end to all traffic between Canada and the United States, should the Canadian Government insist upon its policy towards the American fishermen which it pursued last summer. Is our naval force in a condition to back up such a position? In discussing this issue the Boston Post remarks that the duty of the hour unquestionably is the vigorous assertion of national power. While it is to be hoped that the assertion of this power will be sufficient to secure a pacific adjustment, yet the action should be taken with a full cognizance of what it may lead, and taken in such a way that the measure shall not be an empty piece of paper threatening. The ultimate end of it all must be diplomatic negotiation; but in order that we may demand this, in order that we may enter upon it with self-respect and the respect of the other negotiating powers, we must not suffer injuries without showing a readiness to resent them and to demand redress, backed by a power and a purpose to compel justice if it should be denied.

The great coal handlers strike inaugurated in the vicinity of New York a week or two ago, is assuming alarming proportions and is likely to be wide-reaching in its effects. Men employed at the mines, on the railroads and on the wharves, are in sympathy with the strikers and a concerted movement which will combine all these departments of labor seems more than likely. There is a general feeling that the gigantic coal monopolies who refuse the demands of the handlers are mainly in the wrong, that the increase in pay is no more than fair, and so the fight will be a bitter one, in which the strikers are likely to have the good will of the general public so long as they abstain from acts of violence. It will be almost strange if the opening of the coming season does not bring with it strikes and labor troubles compared with which those of last year were as nothing.

The conductors and brakemen on the Boston & Lowell railroad have united in a petition to the managers requesting an increase in pay, the petition closing as follows:—

"We accordingly respectfully request that the following be the rate of wages on this road for men in their respective occupations: Freight conductors, \$2.75 per day; freight brakemen, \$2.15 per day; switchmen, \$2 per day; the hours of labor not to be over ten hours per day, and all time over ten hours to be paid for pro rata to the regular rates per day."

The present rate of wages averages from \$1.80 to \$1.50 per day for brakemen and \$2.30 for conductors, while the switchmen are paid on an average of about \$1.50. They claim that they have to make on an average more than ten hours for a day's work, and an important feature of the petition is a request that such overtime be paid for in proportion to the increase asked for.

The purchase of a great block of real estate on State and Kilby streets, in Boston, by a syndicate of capitalists, indicates a purpose to prevent the great monied interests of that city from drifting away from the historic locality. More than a million dollars has already been expended in the purchase of land on which to erect the block that is planned and others are likely to follow until the whole space between Congress and Kilby streets is in their control.

The annual meeting and winter reunion of the Mass. Press Association was held in Boston on Tuesday, at the U. S. Hotel. Pres. Whitaker of the N. E. Farmer and the entire board of officers of 1886 was re-elected. The banquet which followed the business meeting and reunion was thoroughly enjoyed. Gov. Ames opened the after dinner speaking. The evening was spent at the Boston Theatre, on invitation of the proprietors.

Again we commend Our Little Ones, published by the Russell Pub. Co., Boston, to the attention of our readers who have small children in their homes. Its tone is especially good, the stories and poems are adapted to the little folks, and in point of artistic excellence in designing and engraving as well as in letter press printing it ranks with the best monthlies of our land. The subscription price is \$1.50 per year.

[From our Regular Correspondent]

Notes from Washington.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 24, 1887.

The past week at the Capital has been marked by meetings of various conventions and by an unusual amount of legislation in Congress. Washington has long been the most popular place in the country for the holding of national conventions, and every year it seems to grow in favor as a rendezvous for the representatives of all sorts of national interests and industries. It is a common thing for several associations to be in council here at one time, and during the past week six different organizations were in session.

It may be considered settled that the centennial of the Constitution, dating from the inauguration of the first constitutionally elected President, will be appropriately celebrated under the auspices of the government in the spring of 1889, a year to be known hereafter as the jubilee year of the republic.

The sentiment of the country in favor of this movement seems to be practically unanimous. It touches the patriotic impulses of the whole people. The Senate has responded with resolutions of approval, and has taken steps toward carrying out the grand celebration. The President has also conveyed to Congress his unqualified endorsement of the undertaking, and notwithstanding the wise reticence with regard to the proper place for holding this centennial, it is generally conceded as a matter of course that Washington will be the favored city.

The question of who is worthy to become the orator of the occasion has even been broached, but this is considered premature and of little moment in a city which is continually flooded with the eloquence of the whole United States.

The preliminary arrangements and details of the celebration will be entrusted to a committee of Senators and Representatives, which, there is reason to believe, will be judiciously selected.

Speaking of Washington's conventions reminds me that the most prominent one of the present week begins to-morrow. It will be made up of women who want to vote, with Miss Susan B. Anthony as mistress of ceremonies. They come to hold their nineteenth annual convention in Washington, where they have held the eighteen preceding ones, and, as usual, for many successive winters, Miss Anthony has preceded them in order to clear the way and complete arrangements.

They had wanted to tell their wrongs and plead for their rights within the very walls of Congress, this time, and had asked for the use of the hall of the House of Representatives for their sessions. It would probably have been granted to them if they had been willing to wait patiently until Congress got ready to discuss the matter, but the slow ways of our law makers did not suit the National Woman Suffrage Association, and rather than dilly dally with Congress for a month about its hall they decided to secure the use of the Metropolitan M. E. church.

"Yes," said Miss Anthony, "we are coming again—coming from every state, and with much earnestness of purpose and much added strength from the encouragement of the past year. I believe our convention will be larger than ever before and progress will be reported from every direction." Miss Anthony is perennially hopeful. She claims that no cause in the world's history has spread more in a lifetime than has the cause of woman in this country. The expansion of her sphere of usefulness and the increase of compensation and of influence she considers marvelous. Women are gradually attaining all their rights, she thinks, and every step gained in any direction is a step towards suffrage. Senator Blair has promised to endeavor to secure a debate in the Senate on the woman suffrage amendment to the Constitution during the time when this convention is in session.

Next year the association will celebrate the fortieth anniversary of its existence and they propose then to have a union of every branch of woman's work. After this they say the younger women must come to the front and let some of the older ones retire. Forty years is enough for a woman to work. But these veterans in the cause of woman will withdraw from the field voluntarily, when the time comes. They want it distinctly understood that it will not be on account of feebleness or broken health or old age or anything of that sort. Miss Anthony has asked that such infirmities shall not be laid to her charge next winter. She says they are only put in print to round out a sentence—not because there is any truth in them.

The February St. Nicholas, which is interesting and instructive to young people and old, opens with a thrilling story of a winter experience in Iceland, by Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen, entitled, "Between Sea and Sky." The frontispiece and other illustrations of the story show the dangerous character of the search for food made by the young hero.

Another story of adventure is "Grizel Cochran's Ride," founded on an incident of the Monmouth Rebellion, and told with much spirit by Ella Peattie. Much daring for the love of art is displayed in an account of a journey in "The Porcelain Stove," by Avery McAlpine. A clever bit of literary criticism, which might be appreciated especially by elder readers, is entitled "Effie's Realistic Novel." The young heroine, whose attempt at literary work is described by Alice Wellington Rollins, begins a realistic novel called "Margaret P. Wharton," but discovers that she has not enough imagination for true realism. A new serial of a novel character, which deals with some new-boy's business scheme of housekeeping, is entitled "Jenny's Boarding House," by James Otis, and promises much amusement. The serial, "Juan and Juanita," by Frances Courtenay Baylor, is interesting and romantic. One of the instructive articles which also calls attention by its vivid illustrations, describes the scenes "Among the Gas Wells." Some excellent advice to boys is given by Rev. Washington

Gladden. The magazine is charmingly illustrated, and its dainty verses add much to its attractiveness. Century Company, publishers.

Plain Living.

A lawyer by profession, but a judge in one of the highest courts in New York for 23 years, is noted for methodical habits, legal acumen and perfect integrity. Long past 60, erect and vigorous as a man of 40, he cannot count a day lost by sickness in a quarter of a century. At his post as regularly as the sun rises, after adjournment he writes out the opinions of the court, which already fill several large volumes. No man in the city is more worthy of the universal regard which he long since secured.

Having long known Judge Blank, I once asked him the secret of his power.

"Plain living," he replied, "has been my salvation. I smoked, drank occasionally, and was given to rich food. Shortly after being admitted to the bar, I found myself a victim of dyspepsia. I began to study my habits and their influence on mind and body. I experimented with food, drink and exercise. The result was in fixing a rule of life which I have since followed inflexibly. After a plain but substantial breakfast, I loiter about an hour or two and then walk to the court house, or a distance equal to three miles or more. Having previously had the room well ventilated, I stay in the building, occupied, except an hour at noon, with my judicial duties. The other judges take a hearty lunch; I eat nothing. At 5 o'clock I am through for the day, and walk up town again. Rain or shine, cold or hot, finds me swinging my arms and plodding along in the same gait. All legal work is dismissed as utterly from my mind as if I never knew Coke and Blackstone. I eat a hearty dinner; take no made dishes, no Worcestershire sauce or inflammatory condiments, no pudding, pie, ice cream or custard and drink no wine. I have a sense of comfort but not repletion, feel no desire for intoxicating liquors, and make it a business to thoroughly digest my food, eaten twice a day—no more. I am frequently compelled to attend dinners, banquets, and festivals of every kind. But neither entreaty nor ridicule can induce me to change my habits. Even a dish of ice cream cannot tempt me."—Good Housekeeper.

Drunkness or Liquor Habit can be Cured by administering Dr. Haines' Golden Specific.

It can be given in a cup of coffee or tea without the knowledge of the person taking it, effecting a speedy and permanent cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. Thousands of drunks have been made temperate men who have taken the Golden Specific in their coffee without their knowledge, and to-day they believe they quit drinking of their own free will. No harmful effects result from its administration. Cures guaranteed. Send for circular and full particulars. Address in confidence, Golden Specific Co., 185 Race street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Dr. Chipman's Pills are the best purgative, the best blood purifier, removing the waste, increasing the appetite, making you feel new. A positive cure for sick-headache, biliousness, constipation and dyspepsia. Try them. Sold by all druggists.

Marriages.

In Arlington, January 26, by Rev. J. P. Forbes, Adelaide E. Child, of Hopkinton, and Kate A. Green, of Arlington.

Deaths.

In Lexington, Jan. 24, Henry B. Brigham, aged 68 years, 6 months.

The death of one of our most respected and valuable citizens, Henry B. Brigham, occurred on Monday, Jan. 24th, after a long and distressing sickness. Mr. Brigham has been a resident of Lexington for nearly sixteen years, having removed to this town from Roxbury. He was born in Boston in the year 1818. His father and mother both dying when he was but an infant, he was adopted by an uncle, Isaac Davis, in whose family he grew up and whose occupation of farming he followed. He married, in 1860, Miss Mary E. Dingley, of Roxbury, and resided on the old homestead on Hancock street, adjoining the old Clark house, formerly owned and occupied by Mr. Charles A. Fowle, and where he has since resided, cultivating a few acres of land and gratifying his taste for the peaceful pursuits of country life. In the enjoyment of a well-earned competence, fond of his garden, fields and flowers, a genial, kind hearted neighbor, and a true friend, at the time of his death Mr. Brigham was one of the trustees of our Savings Bank and among its most trusted advisers and faithful workers. He was for many years one of the parish committee of the First church, where he rendered most important and generous services. In ministries of charity and kindness, done in quiet, unostentatious ways, he was ever prompt and willing, and in many humble homes he is gratefully remembered.

In Lexington, Jan. 24, Albert Richardson, aged 60 years, 8 months.

In Arlington, January 26, John Watson Allen, only child of George G. and Fannie D. Allen, aged 3 days.

Boarders Wanted.

Any one desiring good rooms and board 5 minutes' walk from station can apply to box 148, Arlington, Mass.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of WILLIAM J. CURRIER, late of Lexington, in said county, deceased. Greeting:

WHEREAS, George O. Smith and Ellen Dana, the executors of the will of said deceased, have presented for allowance the first and final account of their administration upon the estate of said deceased.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be holden at Cambridge, in said County, on the Fourth Tuesday of February next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed. And said executors are ordered to serve this citation by publishing the same once a week in the Lexington Minute-man, a newspaper printed at Lexington, three weeks successively, the last publication to be two days, at least, before said Court.

Witness, GEORGE M. BROOKS, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twenty-seventh day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-seven. J. H. TYLER, Register.

LOST.

A LAP ROBE, on Myrtle street, on January 25, between the hours of 6 and 7, p. m. Suitable reward on the return of the same to Arlington depot.

"A continual dropping on a rainy day and a contentious woman are alike." No wonder, poor souls, they are such slaves to headache. One twenty-five cents spent for a bottle of Salvation Oil will restore harmony in the household.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of Susan B. Currier, late of Lexington, in said County, deceased. Greeting:

WHEREAS, George O. Smith, the administrator of said deceased, has presented for allowance the first and final account of his administration upon the estate of said deceased.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be holden at Cambridge, in said County, on the Fourth Tuesday of February next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed. And said administrator is ordered to serve this citation by publishing the same once a week in the Lexington Minute-man, a newspaper printed at Lexington, three weeks successively, the last publication to be two days, at least, before said Court.

Witness, GEORGE M. BROOKS, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twenty-seventh day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-seven. J. H. TYLER, Register.

FOR SALE.

12 TONS of Hay and oat fodder, also, 4 tons of English Hay. Apply to

GEORGE SIMONDS,

21 Jan 27 Adams Street, Lexington, Mass.

MR. BENJAMIN CUTTER, of BOSTON.

Teacher of Violin Playing. Instruction of Children. A SPECIALTY.

Parties also given lessons in SONATA and ACCOMPANIMENT playing with the violin.

Address, for terms and for hours in

88 Chandler St., Boston Mass.

Mortgagee's Sale

of Real Estate.

BY VIRTUE of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Lewis P. Bartlett to Henry Y. Hill, dated August 4, 1878, and recorded in the Registry of Deeds, for the County of Middlesex, libro 1558, folio 380, will be sold at public auction, on the premises, on Saturday, the Twenty-sixth day of February, 1887, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, namely:—A certain piece or parcel of land, together with the dwelling house standing thereon, situated in Arlington, in the County of Middlesex, and State of Massachusetts, and is bounded as follows:—Commencing at the southeasterly corner of the lot bounded by land of James M. Chase, on Arlington Avenue, and running northwesterly on the same thirty-four feet and six inches to land of L. P. Bartlett, thence turning at right angle and running on land of said Bartlett ten feet, then turning and running northerly on land of said Bartlett six feet and four inches, then turning and running easterly four feet, thence north on land of said Bartlett five feet to land of James M. Chase, then turning at right angle and running easterly twenty feet and six inches on land of James M. Chase, then turning at right angles and running on land of said Chase seven rods and four inches to the point of beginning on Arlington Avenue. Terms made known at the time and place of sale.

EMILY S. HILL, Administratrix.

Arlington, January 18, 1887.

For other particulars apply to H. D. Nash, 19 Congress street, Boston.

BLANK Notes, Receipts, Rent Bills, etc., with

ARLINGTON date line, for sale at this office

singly or by the hundred.

Litchfield Photo. Portrait Studio,

Arlington Avenue, opposite Broadway,

ARLINGTON Mass.

STUDIO and Reception Room on

GROUND FLOOR,

which makes it easy of access for elderly

people and children.

THE INSTANTANEOUS PROCESS USED.

Light cloudy days are just as good as sun-

ny, and sometimes better.

The front door opens from the street—there

are no stairs to climb.

EDW. C. LITCHFIELD.

Arlington, April 23, 1886.

Mrs. M. A. TOBIN,

REFRESHMENT SALOON,

HORSE CAR STATION, ARLINGTON AVE.

Table Board at \$3.00 per week

Catering for Societies & Parties

a Specialty.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

Agency for the Troy Steam Laundry.

Goods received and forwarded Wednesdays and

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IMPERIAL EGG FOOD

Will Largely INCREASE Egg Production!

Strengthen Weak and drooping Fowls, promote

the Healthy Growth and Development of all

varieties of poultry, and insure Fine Condition

and Smooth Plumage, helping them through

moulting wonderfully. It furnishes bone

and muscle for young chicks, thus saving them

It prevents and absolutely Cures the diseases

incident to Poultry.

It is no forcing process; you simply give them the

chance to make and eat at a cost of less than one

cent a week for each fowl; thousands of testimonials.

If your local tradesman does not keep it, write to

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Carriage

Manufacturer

—AND—

BLACKSMITH,

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Particular attention paid to

HORSESHOEING.

Has, already finished and in course of building,

HEAVY MARKET & MANURE WAGONS,

SLEIGH, PUNGS, ETC.

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The lower flat or tenement located in the fur-

ther end of the new tenement houses on the left

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Best Qualities of Coal Furnished at

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DRAFTS ON IRELAND,

For £1 and upward.

ISSUED AT ARLINGTON FIVE CENTS SAVINGS BANK.

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FLOUR, MOLASSES, FRUITS, &c.

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We take this opportunity to call especial atten-

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"White Elephant" Flour!

It is the Very Best in the Market, and as

we receive direct from the mill, we are enabled to

sell at the

Lowest Boston Price!

When in need of a barrel, give us a call.

L. C. TYLER

is now opening some choice new lots of

Ladies' Fine Boots,

In Kid, Dongola and Straight Goat.

MISSES and CHILDREN'S

Kid, Goat, both Heel and Spring Heel.

School Shoes

IN GREAT VARIETY.

Also Several New Lines of

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FOR CHRISTMAS & NEW YEAR GIFTS.

MEN'S BOOTS & SHOES,

both hand and machine sewed, varying in

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Builders, Attention!


We have perfected our arrangements for keeping on hand at all times Hard Woods and Floor boards, perfectly dry and ready for use.

Come and see us and we will convince you.

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RAILROAD LUMBER YARDS,
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Every one has a will and a mind to think for himself, yet many will go about hacking and coughing until a friend recommends Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup for that cough.

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Use your Brains and Make Money.

MEN WOMEN CHILDREN EVERYBODY



An Eloquent Argument.
A lawyer in New London county, Ct., while eloquently arguing a case of great interest, is said to have used the following beautiful phraseology: "When this slander, gentlemen of the jury, reaches the ear of the strong arm of the law, it will kick away every obstacle and with its lips declare: 'No, sir; no, sirree, sir.'"

SPECIAL FEATURES.—The series of articles on (the illustrations) include a series of articles on life in Russia and Siberia, by George Kennan, author of "Tent Life in Siberia," who has just, returned from a most eventful visit to Siberian cities; papers on the Food Question, with reference to its bearing on the Labor Problem; Jewish Cathedrals; Dr. Eggleston's Religious in the American Colonies; Men and Women Queen Anne's Reign, by Mrs. Oliphant; Clairvoyance, Spiritualism, Astrology, etc., by the J. M. Buckley, D. D., editor of the Christian Science; astronomical papers; articles throwing light on Bible history, etc.

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STRANGE FANCIES.

QUEER STORIES OF PEOPLE SANE ON ALL POINTS BUT ONE.

Producing Hallucinations at Pleasure. An Actor's Power—A Horror of Dirt. A New Yorker's Mania—The Initiative Steward—The "Jumpers."

Brewster, in his letters on "Natural Magic," relates an experience of Newton which shows that any one has the power to produce hallucinations at his pleasure. This philosopher, after having regarded for some time the image of the sun in a looking glass, was much surprised, on directing his eyes toward the dark part of the room, to see a specter of the sun reproduced by bit, until it shone with all the vividness and all the color of the real object. The hallucination afterward occurred whenever he was in the dark. The same phenomenon takes place when a person looks fixedly at a window in a strong light and then at a wall; a spectral window, with its panes and bars, soon presents itself.

Talmu, the great French actor, said that when he entered upon the stage he was able, by the power of his will, to banish from his sight the dress of his numerous and brilliant audience and to substitute in the place of the living persons so many skeletons. When his imagination has thus filled the theatre with these singular spectators the emotions which he experienced gave such an impulse to his acting as to produce the most startling effects.

I have known men to imagine that they had gold brains, silver livers and crystal stomachs, and the latter would swallow no hard food for fear of breaking the said brittle organs. There is an authentic case on record of a man who thought himself a teapot, and always went about at home and on the street with one arm held out at right angles and the other akimbo, walked sideways, and made a hissing noise like a teapot boiling. Nothing could convince him to the contrary. For many years it was the only symptom of insanity he showed, but eventually he died in an asylum for the insane.

Speaking of hallucinations, I have in mind just now a lady, one of the best actresses in this country, who has such a horror of dirt that it has become almost a mania with her. In washing her hands she uses at least five bowls of water, uses a towel but once, and that, when it leaves the laundress, must be looked up lest any human hand should touch it. Her tooth brush is always under lock and key. Every morning it takes her over an hour to bathe, using at least three tubs of water. She dines in no restaurant where she has not the privilege of examining the kitchen and questioning the cook. Her one hobby is water. I always call her an aquamania.

I know a very charming gentleman, a prominent business man, who not for Vanderbilt's wealth would cross any river or leave New York. I have used every endeavor to get him to cross the ferry from New York to Brooklyn, and only succeeded once—by drugging him. He cannot tell why, but as soon as the boat is on the point of starting he has a feeling as if he were about to die, a cold perspiration breaks out all over him, his knees shake, and a stranger looking at him would think he was about to collapse. This has been going on for about eight years. In everything else he is perfectly sane; at home he is charming in every respect. He has consulted the most eminent physicians of New York, but to no avail.

Recently I read of a most interesting journey made by Lieut. Buckingham and others of the United States navy. While in Siberia they were walking on the banks of the Ussilri river, when he observed a messmate, who was a captain of the general staff of the Russian army, approach. The captain of the boat suddenly, and without any apparent reason, clipped his hands before his face. Instantly the steward clapped his hands in the same manner, put on an angry look, and passed on. The incident was somewhat curious, as it involved a degree of intimacy with the steward hardly, in such a country, to be expected. After this they observed a number of queer performances of the steward, and finally comprehended the situation. It seemed that he was afflicted with a peculiar mental or nervous disease which forced him to imitate everything suddenly presented to his senses. Thus, when the captain slapped the paddlebox suddenly in the presence of the steward, the latter instantly gave it a similar thump, or if any noise was made suddenly he seemed compelled against his will to imitate it instantly and with remarkable accuracy. To annoy him some of the passengers imitated pigs grunting or called out absurd names; others clapped their hands and shouted, jumped or threw their hats on the deck suddenly, and the poor steward, suddenly startled and imitating them all precisely, and sometimes several consecutively. Frequently he would be people not to startle him, and again grow furiously angry, but even in the midst of his passion would helplessly repeat some ridiculous shout or motion directed at him by his pitiless tormentors. Frequently he would shut himself up in his pantry, which was without windows, and lock the door; but even there he could be heard answering the shouts, grunts or sounds on the bulkhead outside. He was a man of middle age, fine physique, rather intelligent in facial expression, and gave not the slightest visible indication of his disability.

I could go on writing about such cases until I exhausted my readers' patience, but I shall close by relating a few of the habits of the sect called the Jumpers, or Jumping Frenchmen, that have a community near Moschese lake, Me. I am indebted to the late Dr. Beard for the particulars. He found that whatever order was given them they at once obeyed. Thus, one of the Jumpers who was sitting on a chair with a knife in his hand was told to throw it. He threw it quickly so that it stuck in a house opposite. At the same time he repeated the order to throw it with a cry of alarm not unlike that of hysteria or epilepsy. He also threw away his pipe, which he was filling with tobacco, when he was clapped on the shoulder. Two Jumpers sitting near each other were told to strike, and they struck each other very forcibly. When a Jumper is told to strike, he strikes; when told to throw, he throws whatever he may happen to have in his hand. Dr. Beard tried their powers of repetition with the first part of the first line of Virgil's "Aeneid" and the first part of the first line of Homer's "Iliad," and out of the way words in the English language, with which the Jumpers could not have been familiar. He repeated or echoed the sound of the words as they came to him in a quick, sharp voice. All of the Jumpers agreed that it tired them to jump, and they dreaded it, but could not resist the command.—New York Mirror.

Sir Arthur Sullivan has gone into the business of composing anthems to be sung at American weddings.

POLICEMEN'S ODD TRICKS.

One Poor Fellow's Mistake—Out of a Bad Scrape With Living Colors.

After saluting his superior officers the patrolman, evidently much relieved, rejoined the reporter, remarking that he had probably seen the last of them for that tour at least.

I have been in this precinct several years, he continued, glancing at the blue stripe on his sleeve, "and have been fortunate in having had but few complaints before the commissioners. There is a good deal of luck in this; some men are dismissed, it often seems, for what other's are fined a day's pay for. The rules of the department are, in the letter, so strict that a man may get a 'paper' from a cranky roundsman for stopping a couple of minutes to talk to a citizen, being a foot or two off post, not patrolling to the right or for some trifling breach of a seemingly unimportant regulation.

"I remember the case of one poor fellow who was broke for doing what he supposed to be right. His post was at the limit of the precinct, and one night he was summoned to the adjoining one by word that a desperate fight was in progress there. Investigation brought to light simply a war of words between two families resident in the same tenement house. The roundsman caught him and the commissioners censured him roundly for being off his beat. Not long afterward what he believed to be a similar case occurred and he declined to leave the precinct. This time it proved to be a murder, and he was discharged for dereliction of duty.

"I remember a little episode which occurred last winter in which two policemen came out of a bad scrape with flying colors. It was a very odd night, or rather morning, and, having seen their rounds, they thought the way clear for a little rest. So they hied to a lively stable on one man's post and adjacent to that of the other, and were soon asleep in its warm office. An hour or so later their slumbers were rudely broken by a roundsman's rap, sounding clear and loud from the next corner. What to do was the question. One thing was certain—they must remain under cover while the roundsman was in sight. After minutes which seemed hours their superior disappeared down the beat. Seizing two sets of harness the patrolmen left the stable, and, running to the station house, deposited their burden before the desk. Their explanation was clever, though somewhat far from the facts.

"Patrolman No. 1 told the sergeant that he had seen a man in the distance carrying a load and acting suspiciously. Rapping for assistance, patrolman No. 2 joined him and they pursued the fugitive, who dropped his burden and ran so fast that owing to his long start he escaped. In the pursuit they found the two sets of harness, which presumably had been stolen. At this juncture the roundsman came in prepared to report the absence from post of the two delinquents, but their story stood the test, and they did not have to repeat it to the commissioners. Next day the lively stable keeper, having been posted duly, reported his loss, recovered his property and warmly complimented the efficient policemen."—New York World.

Soothing Syrup for Cowboys.

The Northern Pacific train from the west came into this town a few days since with twenty-five or thirty cowboys, bound for Fort Worth. The festive cow punchers had taken possession of the emigrant sleeper. Every one of them had a huge revolver slung to his belt, all of them were full of big juice, each man sporting a bottle of forty-rod whisky. When the Dakota division conductor came into the car for their tickets they refused to produce the pasteboards, drawing instead their bottles of chain lightning, and insisted on the ticket puncher drinking with them. A quiet old German passenger who had been much annoyed by the hilarity of the wild riders of the western plains took the conductor to one side and said:

"If I were conductor of this train I would expend a half dollar at some convenient drug store for opium and slip it into their bottles."

On reaching Bismarck the conductor acted on this happy suggestion, and sent his brakeman to a drug store for fifty cents' worth of the quieting drug. The brakeman went into the car and accepted their generous offer to imbibe, and, while pretending to drink, quietly slipped a small quantity of the soothing drug in each bottle. Quiet soon reigned where before all had been pandemonium. These denizens of the wild, rowdy west were soon sleeping under the Cardiff giant. The exultant conductor rolled them over like logs, went through their pockets, punched their tickets and rolled them back in their berths. A more peaceful car of passengers never traveled over the Northern Pacific—in fact, the train load of deaf mute excursionists of the past summer were hilarious when compared with the quiet Texas cowboys. They were turned over to the conductor of the Minnesota division at Fargo, with the remainder of the unexpended drug to use if an emergency should arise before reaching St. Paul.—Mandan Pioneer.

John L. and the Young Boxer.

"Can you remember any case where you brought any special tactics into play?"

"Yes," said John L. Sullivan, "I just happen to remember one circumstance, and I'll tell you of it. A young and pretty clever boxer—I won't mention his name now—undertook to stand up before me for four rounds. Now, I wanted to give the public a good show for their money's worth, so I allowed the young man to hammer away to his heart's content. When, after the second round, I was being sponged off in my corner I said to my second: 'About half a minute before this next round is over you call out 'John' loud enough for me to hear you. Time was called, and after a few passes I rushed in and laid my head upon that young man's breast and let him belt away at me as hard as he could. The audience cheered because they thought he was knocking me out, sure, but at that close range his blows hurt me about as much as you could now by flogging me on the top of the head with a soft glove. There I lay, as snug as you please, taking a great deal of amusement out of the enthusiasm of the audience. Presently my second, who had kept his eyes upon my watch, called out 'John'—and then I stepped back and landed my young man one under the ear, and that was the last of him."—Sacramento Bee.

Pages and Their Pay.

At the beginning of a session of congress it is a common thing to see rich ladies alight at the Capitol from their splendid equipages, leading their petted sons in to ask that they be appointed pages. Members of congress bring their boys to put them on the pages' roll. "Oh," said one lady of wealth, when asked why she consented to have her darling son serve as a page, "his pay makes such convenient pin money." These attendants upon senators and representatives get \$2.50 a day during the sessions of congress.—Chicago Times.

Results of Local Reporter's Work IN LEXINGTON.

—What did you think of the Unity Club entertainment?

—Socially Lexington has been unusually quiet so far this winter.

—The regular monthly sociable of the Baptist society will occur on Wednesday of next week.

—Mrs. F. B. Hayes and her daughter, Miss Wilson, are at Hotel Vendome for the remainder of the winter months.

—The town water has been put into the Massachusetts House and will be found to be a great convenience.

—The weather of the past week has demoralized both the sleighing and the toboggan slide.

—Drop in and test the excellent quality of the stock now on hand at C. H. Butters & Co.'s grocery in Norris Block.

—In the death of Mr. Henry B. Brigham, Lexington has lost a worthy citizen and a kindly and generous friend to those who have been sharers of his bounty. Mr. Brigham has been ill for about a year, but it was thought that his health was improving when a sudden change to

H. K. KING, NEWSDEALER,

Lexington, adjoining Town Hall.

LAUNDRY AGENT. BOOKS, PERIODICALS AND STATIONERY, BREAD AND CAKE, FRUIT, CONFECTIONERY, CIGARS AND TOBACCO.

J. H. INGALLS,

Teacher of Piano and Violin and

PIANO TUNER,

RESIDENCE: BLOOMFIELD STREET, Lexington. Pianos tuned, regulated and repaired.

Geo. E. Muzzey,

DEALER IN

LUMBER,

LIME, CEMENT, HAIR, etc. also

Building Materials Generally.

Outside Windows a specialty

Agent for Bradley's, Chittenden's and Pacific Guano Co.'s

Fertilizers of all kinds,

AND AKRON DRAIN PIPE.

Doors, Windows, Sashes, Blinds,

on hand, or furnished to order; also

Patent WEATHER STRIPS for

Doors and Windows.

OFFICE AND YARDS,

MAIN ST., LEXINGTON, Mass.

may 7

WANTED!

That the people of Lexington and vicinity should know that

C. W. STANLEY

has a place of business in town and will promptly attend to all orders received for

Plumbing, Tin and Sheet Iron Work, Tin

Roofing and Conductors.

As I do my own work, will warrant all work.

My prices are as cheap as the cheapest. Favor me with a call.

Stoves, Furnaces & Ranges

Cleaned, repaired and For Sale.

Stoves Stored. All kinds Tinware made

To Order.

Shop Main St., adjoining Town Hall, Lexington. Order boxes at Post office, and East Lexington.

June 25th

Again we wish to call the attention

of the public to our well selected

stock of staple and fancy groceries.

We spare no pains in the selection of

our goods, and can warrant every

article to be of the first class, and marked

to sell at the lowest cash price. We

have at all times a good supply of

the finest fresh made creamery Butter,

also a good stock of Crockery-ware,

all kinds of Kennedy's Goods, Canned

Goods, Grain of all kinds, and in fact

everything that goes to make up a full

assortment for a first class country store.

Call and examine our prices and be convinced that we sell as low as the lowest.

C. A. BUTTERS & CO.,

Main Street, Lexington.

Expressing & Jobbing.

Prompt and Personal attention given to all

work intrusted to my care.

Orders may be left with Mr. Sands at the

Centre R. R. Station, and at the Boston Branch

Grocery.

Jan 25

F. G. FLETCHER.

Massachusetts House,

LEXINGTON,

Makes a specialty during the season of entertain-

ing social gatherings and

SLEIGHING PARTIES.

Loring W. Muzzey,

Proprietor. 7 Jan 17

the reverse caused his death on Monday of this week, his disease being termed by his doctor hipatic. The deceased gentleman has always identified himself prominently with the First Parish (Unitarian) church, of which he was a member, and had often been a member of the parish committee, and the parish on many occasions can attest to his liberality when money was needed for any church or parish work. Mr. Brigham was also one of the directors of the Lexington Savings Bank, which we believe is the only office held by him in the town, he being one who desired to exert his influence in a quiet and unostentatious way rather than in public office. The funeral of the deceased occurred at his late residence on Hancock street, and was largely attended. Rev. C. A. Staples officiated, and the remains were placed in the receiving tomb to await burial at Forest Hill Cemetery.

Mr. Willard Pierce had twelve little chickens added to his hen family, and they looked as though they had come to stay, but we pity the midgets this cold winter weather.

—Walking on the sidewalks would have been quite impossible but for the sand liberally sprinkled by the town, on Tuesday.

—At a meeting of Independence Lodge, on Tuesday evening, Mr. C. C. Mann was installed as treasurer of the organization by Q. Bicknell, Jr., Past Master Workman.

—Neighborhood meetings have been held each week of late by the members of the Hancock church. The meetings are held at different houses each week. The evening of meeting is Wednesday.

—The lumber has been purchased of Mr. George E. Muzzey for making the repairs on the pumping station of the Lexington Water Co. The contract for the carpenter work has been awarded to Mr. John McKinnon.

—Rev. Cyrus Hamlin, D. D., preached at Arlington, on Sunday last, at the Pleasant street Congregational church. Rev. Dr. Mason, the pastor of the church, has been confined to the house with a rheumatic cold.

—There were few persons who attended service at any of the churches on Sunday morning who arrived at their various homes without drenching their feet. The streets and sidewalks were perfect canals by noon.

—A most pleasant social affair was the gathering of the members of the parish of the Church of Our Redeemer, on Thursday evening, at the residence of Mr. Albert Griffiths, on Main street, for a social evening.

—Subscribe for the MINUTE-MAN. All those interested in the affairs of the town should assist an enterprise which is devoted to the best interests of the town, and nothing is more helpful to a town than a well conducted local paper.

—At his store in Norris Block Mr. Royce has a fresh lot of prints in a variety of patterns, and also a large assortment of different grades of cotton goods to which he invites the inspection of his patrons.

—On Sunday evening services will be held at seven o'clock, the usual hour, at the Baptist church. After a short and appropriate sermon by the pastor, Rev. L. B. Hatch, a number of persons are to be baptised.

—A friend informs us that in a recent letter from Denver, Colorado, the writer stated that during a recent wind storm the wind registered the great velocity of seventy-two miles an hour and that great buildings were moved several inches from their foundations and pedestrians were unable to walk on the streets, so terrible was the force of the wind.

—Mr. Albert Richardson, who died at his home on Middle street, of pneumonia, on Monday, had only been a citizen of the town for about two years. He purchased the house and farm of Mr. George Adams at that time and occupied the same until his death. The funeral took place on Wednesday, the services being conducted by Rev. E. G. Porter.

—We clip the following from among the "personals" of the Boston Journal, on Monday: "Mr. W. H. Baldwin, of the Young Men's Christian Union, has again been obliged to absent himself from his accustomed place, where year in and year out he has been found diligent and enthusiastic in his work. The short vacations which he has taken have not been sufficient, and he is now experiencing the ill effects of too constant application to duties which, however agreeable, are wearing and exhaustive. A rest of a few months and shorter hours in the future, it is believed, will bring a complete restoration to health. We cannot spare Mr. Baldwin."

—The additions and recent improvements on the residence of Mr. C. C. Goodwin are much more elaborate than one realizes until viewed from a short distance. Besides a large two story wing thrown out on the northerly side of the house, a portico here affords shelter and gives added picturesqueness to the house. The whole has been attractively painted by Mr. W. W. Baker.

—At the annual meeting of the Lexington Auxiliary of the W. B. Missions, held Thursday, the following ladies were elected officers for the ensuing year: Pres., Mrs. C. C. Goodwin; vice pres., Mrs. F. E. Tufis; sec. and treas., Mrs. E. A. Shaw. The officers of the Hancock mission circle were chosen at the same time as follows: Pres., Mrs. C. L. Wooster; sec., Miss Alice Munroe; treas., Mrs. G. H. Reed.

—At a meeting held Monday, Jan. 21, the Lexington Toboggan Club was formed, with the following officers: President, G. C. Goodwin; secretary and treasurer, Geo. L. Harrington; manager, E. P. Merriam; executive committee, G. C. Goodwin, G. L. Harrington, E. P. Merriam, A. H. Burnham and H. W. Davis. Those desiring admission to the club should send in their names to the secretary before Monday evening, Jan. 31, to be voted on, as the number will be necessarily limited.

—Mr. Hendley's horse ran away on Monday afternoon, but was stopped in quite an original and novel way by little Arthur Tucker. Seeing the horse running toward him, the little fellow rushed into the street directly in front of the runaway and waved his arms, which diverted the attention of the animal enough so that when it shied to one side the boy jumped into the pung and coolly picked up the reins and held them firmly till the horse regained its senses. It was a brave and clever act.

—Early Tuesday evening Thomas Cary, who works for Horace Paine, of Concord, was driving a load of swill, when near the Willard House, East Lexington, he attempted to turn out for a team, running against a telegraph pole, and being intoxicated was unable to keep his seat and was thrown to the ground. He fell in such a way that the wheels of his team passed over one of his legs, seriously injuring him. He was taken to the Willard House, where his injuries were properly cared for.

—The supper and entertainment given in the Unitarian church parlors, last evening, was unique and exceptionally pleasant, revealing a large amount of skill and originality in the managers, Messrs. Whiting, Davis, Jones, Locke, Bennick and Crone, who facetiously designated themselves the "Big Six." Dressed in full evening costume they received the throngs who accepted their welcome, "if you pay 35 cents," under a canopy, and nothing during the evening was more laughter provoking than this ceremony. The attendance was nearly double what was anticipated, and the over-taxed supper table had to be twice spread before the guests were served, and consequently it was late before the entertainment furnished could be introduced. The menu cards abounded with witty notes, and the napkin holders were not only novel but also worth preserving as souvenirs of the pleasant affair. The tables looked very handsome, especially in their first freshness. The company was a fraternal and social one, with ample capacity for its own amusement during the waiting time, so there was no interruption of the evening's pleasure, which would have been enhanced, however, had the seating capacity of the tables been sufficient for all. A unique feature was the waiters, who were the younger gentlemen clad in white linen jackets with button-hole bouquets. The tediousness of the wait was relieved by the piano selections rendered by Mr. B. F. Colburn, of Boston, with exquisite taste and skill, this same gentleman also playing an organ selection to which the company marched in couples to the supper room. The ladies' parlor was converted into a fairy bower by a lavish and tasteful arrangement of evergreen and bright Chinese lanterns, the centre being occupied with potted plants banked with cut flowers. After supper an amusing entertainment was furnished. A double male quartette rendered selections under the direction of Prof. Eph. Cutter, and was followed by members of the "big six," who, with impressive dignity, recited nursery rhymes. The final grand effort by the gentlemen was original verses abounding in local hits sung to one of the popular airs from the opera "Adonis" by Mr. H. G. Locke, the other gentlemen giving a responsive chorus. It was funny, you know. The company were given a gentle hint that the hour for dispersion had arrived by the singing of the chorus "Good Night Ladies."

EAST LEXINGTON LOCALS.

The flood which seemed on Monday so threatening did not do the damage which was anticipated, though our streets were filled with ice and water. The town teams were out and worked most of the day. For a time, at least, anxious friends are not obliged to watch the coasters or tobogganists.

The stage for the dramatic performance is being radically improved and enlarged.

On next Friday evening, February 4, the Dramatic Club will give a public performance at the Village Hall. The play will be "Woodcock's Little Game," followed by "A Conjugal Lesson." Tickets, 25 cents; reserved seats, 35 cents; children, 15 cents. The members of the club have made an effort to make the coming entertainment a success, and it is to be hoped that they will be greeted by a full house.

The meeting of the "Roundabout Club" which was postponed from Jan. 21 to Jan. 28, will meet this (Friday) evening at Mr. Larkin Smith's, and the next meeting of the club will occur Wednesday evening, Feb. 2, at Mr. Walter Wellington's.

Our school teachers, with the school committee and Superintendent Ham, had another conference meeting, Tuesday afternoon. There will be no public examination of our schools until summer, and the vacation which generally occurs in January will be in April, so that the winter session of our schools will be unbroken.

Rev. Mr. Woude, from Boston, preached in the Follen church, last Sabbath, from Matt. iv. 4.

The Reading Club met last Tuesday evening. The number of members has increased. They read "Westminster Abbey" and "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow" and in Ramola one half hour. The reading was open for discussion.

The increasing interest shown in thoroughbred poultry has created a demand for the great exhibition which has been held for a week in Boston, and the show has proved a complete success. The Boston Journal had the following statement: "In the Wyandottes, a comparatively new breed, Mr. E. Butterfield, of East Lexington, has a fine exhibit, and he also shows pens of White Cochins and brown Leghorns which will bear inspection." Mr. Butterfield received first prizes and silver cups (the society's special prizes) and also donation prizes. Mr. B. has for some time taken a great interest in the raising of poultry and has been very successful.

Mr. Fred Brown is still at Salda. His health does not improve as all his friends hoped, but he will remain there this winter. He speaks of the cold weather which they are having.

Last Friday evening many of our people were invited to a birthday progressive euchre party given by Mr. and Mrs. Arthur B. Hamblen. After playing and receiving their prizes they partook of a bountiful supper, and the birthday cake occupied a prominent place. All left with many good wishes for their host and hostess.

Some of our people were summoned to appear at court, last week, in the case of Nelson L. Graftam versus Eli M. Robbins; action brought by an attorney to recover \$5,000 for professional services and money paid other counsel for services in contesting the will of Carrie Robbins, of East Lexington. The verdict was \$3,000 for plaintiff.

Mr. Albert Richardson who, about a year since, purchased Mr. George Adams' farm on Middle street, died, January 24, after a short illness, and the funeral occurred on Wednesday afternoon from his late residence.

A Yankee Introduction.

"One time," says Mr. Sol Smith Russell, "Mr. William T. Adams, my father-in-law, went up to Keene, N. H., with me to assist in an entertainment given under the auspices of Dodge post No. 2, G. A. R. An old gentleman came behind the curtain and said: 'Now, look a-here, gentlemen, I'd kind of like to know something about this thing, for we thought we'd save a little on the expense by not having any programmes printed. If you'll just tell me what's coming I'll step out and announce.' 'Well, said I, 'the first number will be a reading by Mr. Adams, 'Oliver Optic.' With this information the old gentleman stepped out in front of the curtain, and stood on the step leading up to the stage, where he rapped on the floor with his cane, and cried out: 'Oh, yes! oh, yes! Ladies and gentlemen of Dodge post No. 2, G. A. R., of Keene, I have the honor of announcing that this thing will be opened by Mr. William T. Adams—Oliver Optic—who will read 'suthin' from his new book. Ice cream in the rear of the hall, ten cents a plate!'"

"This original style of announcement was kept up through the evening, the old gentleman never once failing to preface his remarks with the conventional 'Oh, yes! oh, yes!' or to end them with the reference to 'ice cream, ten cents a plate!'"

But along about 10:30 o'clock he came behind the curtain and said: 'Look a-here, don't you think it's about time to wind up this show? I see that some of our old folks is yawning and actin' as if they wanted to go home.' 'Yes,' said I, 'You can announce that the entertainment will close with Mr. Russell's impersonations of curious characters he has met. Ice cream in the rear of the hall, five cents!'"

—Chicago News.

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